THE NATION

WITHDRAWN

JULY 14, 1962 . . 25c

Wire Tapping:

THE SILENT INTRUDER

Senator E. V. Long

CONGRESS vs. KENNEDY

Ted Lewis

Blacklisting:

THE FAULK DECISION

David Cort

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

'The Ultras'

Dear Sirs: I read with interest, amusement and amazement the mixture of memory and imagination of my old pathology professor, Jimmy Duhig [see "The Ultras," June 30 issue]. His imagination worked overtime when he stated that both my parents were orthodox Jews and that a considerable bitterness was left in the Jewish community when they broke with the Jewish faith in the late 1930s. If the truth is of any interest, it is as follows:

My father, Paul Schwarz, was born in Austria of poor Jewish parents. He left home when a boy and went to England. He was converted to Christianity when he was about twenty years old. He emigrated to Australia and, as a fervent young open-air preacher, met a young Methodist church worker called Phoebe Smith. They married and established a Christian home of which I am the product.

This is an indication of the accuracy of the memory of Dr. Duhig.

FRED SCHWARZ, President
Christian Anti-Communism Crusade
Long Beach, Calif.

Dear Sirs: I want to thank Mr. Cook for his wonderfully comprehensive article on creeping fascism.

There are here at Penn an assortment of students and faculty who have long opposed the strong bond which seemingly exists between the university and the Foreign Policy Research Institute. As much as the university might deny that Strausz-Hupé ideas are not by definition its own, the university's political science department is composed mostly of members of the FRPI. . . . Certainly at a university, the cradle of learning, all sides of a problem should be offered the student so that he may choose the one which seems to make the most sense to him. Not so at Penn; at least not in the political science department.

I would like to ask people who are purchasing bulk orders of Mr. Cook's article to mail several to me care of *The Daily Pennsylvanian* so that I might distribute these in places throughout the university where they will do the most good.

BENJAMIN H. NATELSON
Business Manager
The Daily Pennsylvanian
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sirs: Until I read "The Ultras," I as well as many other liberals tended to dismiss the Radical Right as consisting of small groups of harmless fanatics. Fred J. Cook and *The Nation* have performed a great service in alerting individuals to the great power and influence the Ultras wield in our society and in exposing the nature and danger of their threat. You have my gratitude and deserve that of the country.

RONALD G. ROSENBAUM
Brightwater, N.Y.

Dear Sirs: May I, in order to give credit where credit is due, make a minor correction in "The Ultras"?

The reply to Hollywood's Answer to Communism was planned by and produced on the channels of the Crown Stations (Portland, Seattle, Spokane). These stations had carried the original broadcast and felt that "in the public interest" they were bound to transmit other approaches to the subject. . . .

When I heard that Station WPIX was going to transmit the Hollywood answer, I notified its program department that the Crown program existed. I was told later that the Crown program was offered to WPIX, which found it uninteresting. This is a proper judgment for a station to make and one which, since I was a participant, I cannot challenge.

The significant fact is that of the thirty-odd stations carrying the first program, only one group of three recognized the simple meaning of the law under which all broadcasting operates and had the courage to say, in effect, that there are many ways — not one way — to oppose communism. I do not in any way want to dissociate myself from this principle. I want only to be

(Continued on page 13)

You Can Get "THE ULTRAS" at Low Bulk Rates

If you are tired of the Birchites, militarists and superpatriots who are throwing their weight around in your community, cut them down to size by distributing copies of "The Ultras" — a devastating exposé of America's Radical Right. Fill out the coupon below.

THE NATION 333 6th Avenue New York 14, N.Y.

Please send me copies of "The Ultras" as indicated. I enclose payment in the sum of $.....

☐ 10 copies, $4 ☐ 50 copies, $17.50 ☐ 100 copies, $30

☐ 500 copies, $125 ☐ Single copy, 50c

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... ZONE ..... STATE .....

7-14-62

In This Issue

EDITORIALS

1 ●

ARTICLES

4 ● Congress versus Kennedy
by TED LEWIS

6 ● Wire Tapping: The Silent Intruder
by EDWARD V. LONG

9 ● Blacklisting: The Faulk Decision
by DAVID CORT

12 ● News Gap in South Vietnam
by JACK FOISIE

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

14 ● The Nazi Whitewash
by ERNEST ZAUGG

15 ● The Two Baldwins
by SAUL MALOFF

16 ● One Responsible Man
by CHRISTIAN BAY

16 ● The Labyrinth (poem)
by EMILE CAPOUYA

17 ● Theatre
by ROBERT HATCH

18 ● Art
by MAX KOZLOFF

19 ● The Red Piano (poem)
by ANSELM HOLLO

Crossword Puzzle (opp. 20)
by FRANK W. LEWIS

George G. Kirstein, Publisher
Carey McWilliams, Editor
Victor H. Bernstein, Managing Editor
Robert Hatch, Books and the Arts
Marion Hess, Assistant to the Editors

Harold Clurman, Theatre
Max Kozloff, Art
Benjamin Boretz, Music
Carl Dreher, Science
Paul Blackburn, Poetry

Jane Stolle, United Nations Correspondent
Alexander Werth, European Correspondent

Mary Simon, Advertising Manager

The Nation, July 14, 1962. Vol. 195, No. 1

The Nation published weekly (except for omission of four summer issues) by The Nation Company and copyright 1962 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N.Y. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. Tel.: CH 2-8400.

Subscription Price Domestic—One year $8, Two years $14, Three years $20. Additional postage per year: Foreign and Canadian $1.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1962
VOLUME 195, No. 1

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

The Beginning

Premier Benyoussef Ben Khedda of the Algerian Republic is right: independence is only a beginning. Yet for the moment it is a happy consummation, and perhaps it is also an augury of peace and prosperity for North Africa. All men of good will, especially Frenchmen, rejoice with the Algerians. The "dirty war" with its casualties and costs and moral squalor is over. As Robert C. Doty wrote in *The New York Times*, a diplomatic millstone has been removed from the necks of France and the West.

Many illusions have gone by the board — contrived and calculated illusions, as we point out below. One is the assertion that the Algerians had no desire for freedom, that the rebellion was all the work of agitators and Communists. The Algerian electorate can hardly be expected to rate as the most enlightened in the world at this stage, but 92 per cent of those eligible went to the polls and of these, 99.6 per cent voted for independence.

If there is trouble ahead, it can hardly be as bad as the trouble that has been left behind. A revolution normally ends with the revolutionists falling out among themselves: the French Revolution was more nearly typical than the American, one of the happy exceptions. But the Algerians must be sick of bloodletting, and the desire for peace and reconstruction should favor the forces of moderation. Then, also, this is a disciplined revolutionary movement, tried in the years of struggle against superior forces. The military side of the Algerian achievement has been widely praised as a remarkable demonstration of organizational ability. It is now time to devote the talents of the organizers to the welfare of the Algerian people. "The most urgent problem," Ben Khedda says, "is for the state to rest on solid and democratic institutions."

The United States, so given to misalliances with dictators and losers who deserve to lose, in this case has backed a winner. The occasion is a personal triumph for President Kennedy. His statement of July 3, addressed to the Algerian people, concludes: "We look forward to working together with you in the cause of freedom, peace and human welfare." Mr. Kennedy began doing that five years ago; as Senator Kennedy, he submitted resolutions in Congress urging the Eisenhower administration to "recognize the independent personality of Algeria." In its issue of July 20, 1957, *The Nation* endorsed this effort as "timely and sensible," even as Robert Lacoste, the French proconsul in Algeria, was deriding Mr. Kennedy as the spokesman for "old maids and Quakers," while John Foster Dulles decried "overt interposition." The Algerians freed themselves, with their own blood and suffering, but President Kennedy's congratulations are not the empty words of one who waited to see who would come out on top.

THE NATION'S SUMMER SCHEDULE

During July and August, *The Nation* is appearing on alternate weeks only. The next issue will be dated July 28.

The Information Gap

In the June 14 BBC *Listener*, Martin Harrison discusses the role of the press in war. "Freedom of information," he writes, "was an early victim of the Algerian war. At the root of the chronic failure of Algerian policy lay an irrational insistence on taking wish for reality. Governments assiduously cultivated fictions of which they were as much the prisoners as the public: the rebellion was the work of a handful of foreign agitators, 'the last quarter of an hour' was at hand," and so on. "To close the gap between myth and reality," Harrison concludes, "progressively tighter control of information seemed essential."

Without the change of a syllable, the lesson can be applied in South Vietnam. There is, however, one difference, which Jack Foisie's article in this issue (see page 12) brings out. The French publicists deceived no one but themselves; the South Vietnamese deceive no one but the Americans, a majority of whom still seem to believe that an arduous but ultimately victorious war is being waged on the guerrillas. This fiction is

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dissipated almost daily by Homer Bigart, but relatively few Americans read *The New York Times*. For the most part, the Saigon government discourages visits of correspondents to the scene of action, since the results are usually so meager, but it was finally forced to put on a show battle to justify the hundreds of millions of dollars that Uncle Sam is throwing into the fray. The outcome was reported by Bigart and Conrad Fink of the Associated Press on June 27. "A four-day major land-air-water offensive against pro-Communist guerrilla strongholds," according to Fink, "ended . . . in exhaustion and frustration for government troops." The action took place fifty miles south of Saigon and involved ten South Vietnam battalions (2,300 men), thirty U.S. Army and Marine Corps helicopters, various American amphibious craft and plastic boats and forty or fifty U.S. military advisers. The South Vietnam public-relations staff reported forty-three guerrillas killed in action and twenty-six taken prisoner, but the reporters saw neither the dead guerrillas nor the live ones. South Vietnam arithmetic is notoriously unreliable. We may assume that some rebels were killed — and some government troops as well — but most of the rebels simply ran for it, as guerrillas do whenever they are attacked in force.

The Algerian war is over, at a ghastly cost to France and to Algeria. The Vietnamese war, by all indications, will go on and on, with Asians fighting Asians (in General Eisenhower's phrase), the United States transporting and supplying the troops and the American taxpayer footing the bill. All this is made possible by the curtain of lies behind which the South Vietnamese government operates. Occasionally the truth breaks through. The American press should bring these fragments to the attention of the American people, who are being bamboozled by both the Saigon and Washington administrations.

Prayer and Hysteria

When the Supreme Court, in a six-to-one opinion, decided that the prayer recommended by the New York State Board of Regents violated the First Amendment, some politicians and a large section of the press went all-out in a verbal auto-da-fé. We do not refer to the measured dissent of Herbert Hoover, Dwight D. Eisenhower, Bishop James A. Pike and other reasonable men, but to the frenzied outbursts which were themselves a travesty on the spirit of religion and on common decency in controversy. The New York *Mirror* accused the Court of "an attempt to expel God from American life" and suggested that the six Justices had perjured themselves, for when they took the oath of office, did they not say, "So help me God"? The *Journal-American* ran a cartoon showing a black-robed figure chiseling "God" out of "In God We Trust." The rector of an Episcopalian church in Northport, Long Island, put a sign on his outdoor bulletin board beginning "Congratulations, Khrushchev," and ending, "God Help America." Representative George Andrews of Alabama declared that the Court had put the Negroes into the public schools and driven God out. Representative John Bell Williams of Mississippi, in an extension of remarks in the *Congressional Record* (June 30), quoted a long prayer-editorial in the *Vicksburg Evening Post*, full of sentiments such as this: "And we pray Thee, dear God, that as the six little men, in the name of separation of church and state, have actually made ours an atheistic state, thus bringing untold glee to the capitals of the godless communistic world, let Thy strength and wisdom flow into Thy loyal servants, so they might rise up in universal anger and demand the restoration of their own rights, which have been so flagrantly cast aside by the little men."

In many newspapers, Ned Calmer pointed out on CBS-TV (July 1), "demagoguery superseded discernment or discretion." The editorialists paid no attention to what the Supreme Court had actually decided, but went off on a binge of vituperation so violent that sensible people must have concluded that the separation-of-church-and-state clause in the Constitution must now be defended with redoubled vigilance. Few papers mentioned the fact that the New York Civil Liberties Union, affiliated with the American Civil Liberties Union, had provided the lawyer and paid the costs of the action which, as Calmer pointed out, would have set the case in its proper perspective in the first place. Likewise overlooked was the fact that the prayer, innocuous in itself, was drafted by state officials, that it was in effect compulsory, that it was recited daily, and so constituted a coercive indoctrination of children too young to know what was being done to them and of teachers who were forced to repeat the formula on pain of losing their jobs. Nor did many commentators trouble to consider the widespread opinion among religious leaders that nothing is more debilitating to religion than a rendition of empty phrases without spontaneity or feeling. Finally, attention was diverted from the fact that the use of a phrase like "So help me God," by an adult taking a position of public trust, has nothing to do with indoctrination of school children against the will of their parents.

If prayer has any value, it must come from the heart. If man can communicate with God, it must be through his own feeling and when the spirit moves him. As the President said, everyone is free to pray at home and in church. He might have added that what religion needs is protection against the fanatics who use it as a cloak for their own disordered and irreligious sentiments, and the politicians who see in it the easiest and cheapest way of cadging votes.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sugar and Flies

"Where there is sugar," Senator Fulbright reminded his colleagues in the Senate, "there you will find flies." Sugar bills have always drawn flies to Congress, but this year they came in swarms. In 1956, only four lobbyists registered to represent foreign sugar interests; this year no less than twenty-two registered. There was Ralph W. Gardner, the great good friend of Rep. Harold D. Cooley ("the sugar czar"), representing the British-owned island of Mauritius, way out in the middle of the Indian Ocean; Donald Dawson, White House assistant to President Truman, representing the Indian Sugar Mills Association; Oscar Chapman, formerly Secretary of the Interior, representing Mexico; Rocco C. Sicillano, former special assistant to President Eisenhower, representing El Salvador, et al.

To Senator Fulbright, the swarming of the flies suggested the formation of a "non-diplomatic corps" made up of registered lobbyists, mostly Americans, seeking ever-larger shares of the premium sugar windfall for foreign producers. At stake, of course, is the Cuban quota. It was to be expected that any attempt to redistribute this quota would create a new set of vested interests which would then have a secondary vested interest in keeping Castro in power. Guatemala, for example, has no quota under the Sugar Act, but was given an allotment in 1960 when the Cuban quota was up for grabs. Although Guatemala was warned by the United States that the Cuban redistribution was not to be considered permanent, it has nevertheless gone ahead and expanded its relatively high-cost sugar production. The Dominican Republic, in need of help, now wants a larger allotment; and while there is more merit in its claim than in most, one may well doubt whether it is a good idea to create a lopsided Dominican dependence on a one-crop economy based on the whims of the American Congress. The Administration plan for helping the Republic to diversify its crops is therefore welcome.

The fact is that the sugar set-up is a racket that can only be maintained, as Senator Paul Douglas points out, because "the interest of the consumer is diffused and relatively weak," whereas the beet-sugar and cane-sugar domestic producers are politically potent. American consumers cheerfully permit themselves to be taxed $550,000,000 a year to keep the domestic producers happy, and Congress — fanatically devoted in principle to free enterprise — cheerfully goes along with this conspicuous example of state socialism at its worst. But as long as consumers are willing to be mulcted in this way, they have only themselves — and their sweet tooth — to blame. But time brings an end to all good things and the swarming of the sugar-hungry flies in Washington may blow up the scandal that will finally force some sense and sanity into the formulation of a national sugar policy. In the end, we may have reason to be grateful to the flies.

Ike the Heretic

The surest way to get a bad press, or no press at all, is to speak out against illimitable increases in the arms budget. The national economy now depends on arms spending in the same way that drug addicts crave heroin, and ever-larger doses are needed for stability. Remonstrance may bring one a good conscience, but little support. At the recent $100-a-plate Republican dinner, General Eisenhower had the audacity to say that in his personal belief "substantial amounts in our current defense budget reflect unjustified fears, plus a reluctance in some quarters to relinquish outmoded concepts." He added that he was sure he would receive little company in either party. He was right.

The most tight-fisted opponents of government spending loosen up when it comes to spending on arms. When Senator Harry Byrd showed signs of resistance to raising the debt limit from $300 billion to $308 billion, Treasury Secretary Dillon was sent to show him the light. The Secretary pointed out that if Mr. Byrd's Senate Finance Committee did not raise the debt ceiling, defense cuts of 15 per cent would have to be ordered and Mr. Byrd would be blamed for leaving the nation naked before its enemies, even though the arms budget would still be some 10 per cent higher than under the Eisenhower administration. Mr. Byrd gave in like a cream puff under a steamroller.

General Eisenhower did get some company — Senator Proxmire. Mr. Proxmire said he welcomed the statement by the former President, "a man who is certainly an outstanding authority in our defense." He reminded his colleagues that the defense bill had passed the Senate unanimously, "with no consideration, no debate, no discussion of most of the very heavy requests for spending." He asked General Eisenhower to specify exactly in what items defense spending might be reduced and suggested that this would be "an immensely helpful service."

Despite the great apathy which has heretofore balked efforts to curb the hypertrophy of the arms industry, this idea holds out some promise. Advertising has taken such a hold on American perception that on endless reiteration will make an impression. The press is forced to give General Eisenhower front-page space and at least single-column headlines, but then drops the subject because it is never picked up and developed by other public figures. Mr. Eisenhower will get nowhere with mild, general demurrers at long intervals, but if he would unleash his famous temper and overcome his tendency to indolence, he might find himself making progress. Win or lose, it would be the greatest service he could render his country.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CONGRESS versus KENNEDY . . *by Ted Lewis*

Washington

AT THE HEART of President Kennedy's troubles with Congress is the lack of clear direction. The President is the leader of the New Frontier Administration, but what is the New Frontier? If Congress is to function purposefully, it needs marching orders aimed at achieving a firm objective, not one that vacillates with every obstacle that arises.

There is actually nothing wrong with the present Congress that direction could not cure. It is no better than most, little worse than some of the best. The flow of legislation is sluggish. That is usual. The blame for what it does or does not do is placed where it always has been: on its leadership, on the timeworn Dixie-GOP coalition, on the old seniority system of committee chairmanships. As for the President's complaint that he lacks a "workable majority," most of his predecessors could point with pride to legislative accomplishments even though their party lacked the two-to-one margin that Kennedy is suffering from instead of enjoying. (Legislative accomplishments of the party in power are not always to be measured by the passage of new laws; they include roll-call votes on the vital issues separating the two parties. This balloting is a valuable asset to any Administration, for the in-party always has the best sounding board. Thus a defeat in Congress can become a political help—a legislative accomplishment.)

Just how does a President sway Congress? He takes a stand on an issue and sticks to it. He can be defeated—and yet win the support of the voters, a fact of political life that is recognized in Congress and causes many a roll-call switch the next time an issue comes around.

In the case of Kennedy, there has been from the start a willingness to take a slice when he could not get the loaf. This acceptance of compromise is required in the operations of Congress itself, but is it a sound practice for a President? Is the President supposed to lead, to champion even lost causes—or to swallow watered-down priority bills just for expediency's sake? The answer, of course, depends on the kind of President you want. For Kennedy, the role of the Great Compromiser is singularly poor casting. It is the old who are supposed to yield, the young who have that spirit in them that brooks no cheap, arranged surrender.

IN THE first session of the present Congress, Kennedy's aid-to-education legislation was killed. The defeat was accepted with a whimper, not with the drawing of a sword. There was a perfunctory request for it again this session, but it was known ahead of time that the White House was now willing to compromise. It would forget about the promise to push for aid to secondary schools, be content with loans and grants to colleges.

On the medicare issue there is the same preference for wheeling and dealing inside Congress instead of going to the people for support. Of course, there was the President's effort to arouse the oldsters in his Madison Square Garden appearance, but that was a single-shot affair. Kennedy did not demand a Congressional showdown immediately; in effect, all he said was that if the bill could not be passed this year, then it should be passed next year.

The President is also supposedly for this or that in the way of other legislation. It was assumed, for example, that he was for Senator Estes Kefauver's bill to control drug prices; yet in a Senate Committee showdown, the Administration ran out. It was assumed, on the basis of the President's New Deal, Fair Deal heritage, that he would follow the liberal line on making space communications satellites a government operation like TVA. Instead, there is another backdown "compromise" in favor of A. T. & T.

At this writing, the Administration's farm bill has been brutally defeated in the House, but the vital foreign trade bill has been passed by the same chamber. The farm-bill strategy was to let the measure be loaded down with amendments designed to placate certain Congressmen. This was another compromise in principle, and it probably failed because compromising with principle usually does.

The trade bill's passage was hailed as a significant victory. It was. But it was a bipartisan victory shared by Eisenhower, former Secretary of State Christian Herter and other Republican leaders who lobbied for it effectively.

THE RECORD that is made by the 87th Congress in its closing months will have to be found satisfactory in some way by Administration spokesmen. It naturally will be, no matter how many compromises have been made or how many bills have been left by the wayside, for that is the way of politics when prestige has been put on the line.

But is it good for party morale to blame others for what went wrong in Congress and to take credit when some particular bill went right? Speaker John McCormack is the whipping boy when the House fails the Administration; party leader Mike Mansfield plays the role in the Senate.

It wasn't the President's fault when his Urban Affairs Department proposal was messed up and killed; it was inept Congressional leadership. It isn't the Administration's fault when forty to forty-five Southern Democrats combine with the Republicans in the House to vote the wrong way. It is because they always have, and so we need a "workable majority." It isn't the high-pressure tactics of the White House "Mafia," led by Larry O'Brien, that leads to defeat by a few votes. Warnings of postmaster or post-office gravy-train withdrawals, of refusal of the President to campaign in a Senator's or Congressman's behalf in the fall, should not be resented. Aren't these just practical, clever political methods?

The hard fact is that the effort to run Congress from 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue has raised havoc with

TED LEWIS is head of the Washington bureau of the New York Daily News.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

morale. We have a President who wants to keep his hand on the tiller of the ship of state in whatever waters it cruises, whether or not he is familiar with the local shoals and eddies. This does not mean that advice isn't listened to, including Vice President Lyndon Johnson's in Congressional waters. But the decision on what course to take is always made by Kennedy.

It has always been a temptation for a President who entered the White House via a stint in Congress to involve himself in legislative arm-twisting. And it is in the nature of things for Congress always to resent such activities.

That is why a President generally is better off, and accomplishes more, staying aloof from parliamentary infighting. He does better to limit himself to proposing, letting Congress do the disposing — provided always he stands on principle and is prepared to carry his battle to the people (and not, except as a last resort, to the Capitol cloakroom) if Congress resists.

This is always true when the party in power in Congress is the same as that of the White House incumbent. Harry Truman had a gay time taking apart the "Eighty-worst" Congress — the "Do Nothing" Congress — elected in 1946, but he had his troubles with Democratic Houses and Senates. FDR's high-handed methods with Democratic Congresses had unhappy results in the revulsion at the 1938 polls against his attempt to purge party legislators who had failed him. But neither men lost stature thereby, for they stood pat on the legislation they had proposed, refusing to compromise it away for the sake of paper victories.

This is not so in the present situation in Washington and there lies the rub.

A PSYCHIATRIST with political savvy is needed to analyze properly what is now taking place. The question is simple: Why is the President acting the way he does and why has he not clarified the meaning of the New Frontier?

For one thing, an obsession still exists about the meaning of the 1960 Presidential election returns. This is based on the fact that Kennedy was elected by a scant popular-vote margin and that many Democratic Senators and Representatives ran considerably ahead of him in their states and districts. And at the same time the GOP took twenty-one House Democratic seats and picked up two in the Senate. On these two counts, it is argued that Kennedy received no firm mandate to start off to the New Frontier, whatever that is.

So caution was called for: timidity was the policy and compromise the outcome.

Despite this uncertainty about the extent of the President's popular mandate — or perhaps because of it — a decision was made to try to run Congress from the White House. The maneuvering was well-mannered in the first session of the 87th Congress. It was disguised as a cooperative joint effort with then Speaker Sam Rayburn in the House and Lyndon Johnson's genial professional successor, Senate Leader Mansfield. It had to be a cautious maneuver while Rayburn was around, for he was tough and, while a loyal Democrat, liked to run the House as he saw fit.

With Rayburn's death and with McCormack the new Speaker, the gloves came off and the White House fingers closed on the Congressional control center. The operation has been energetic, but at this point in the Congressional second session, of questionable efficiency.

A President can dominate Congress, but can he control it? Congress is an intricate machine, run by skillful mechanics. Is Kennedy a skilled mechanic? He was for eight years the junior Senator from Massachusetts, never headed a committee, never was an active member of "the club."

"Can it hold both of us?"

Had he gone to the White House from the post of Senate party leader, one could understand more easily his seeking to be in the Congressional driver's seat; even so, he would have sparked jealous outrage. Those who knew Robert A. Taft best were convinced that if he had gone from the Senate, where he was GOP leader, to the White House in 1953, he would never have tried to keep the reins. He would have left them in the hands of his Congressional lieutenants. When they asked his advice, he would have given it, but strategy would have been up to them.

Talk to anybody on Capitol Hill—any veteran, that is—and there is general agreement that the hard-boiled pressure tactics of the Kennedy machine have seldom been equaled. A Democratic Congressman gets a White House phone call about a postmaster nomination, along with a reminder in the same conversation that the Administration's farm bill is up for a vote tomorrow in the House. Defense contractors were reminded, before the House finally agreed to raise the debt limit to $308 billion, that if a GOP effort to lower the proposed ceiling was a success, contracts would have to be cut back. They got the word and lobbied effectively.

All of this strained, intensive drive would make sense only if the Administration's New Frontier goal was the objective. Otherwise it is no more than a purposeless attempt to get the Congressional mountain to bring forth not a lion, but a mouse.

SO CONGRESS lacks a sense of direction because the Administration lacks one, too. That, in the opinion of some observers, is also the heart of the trouble in the business community in the aftermath of the stock-market crash.

First you crack down on Big Steel, then you shift and try to get Roger Blough and other top industrialists back into the "good climate" act.

First you say one thing about Quemoy and Matsu, then it turns out

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Rusk-Kennedy policy is the same as Eisenhower's and Dulles'.

First you seek the Presidency as an out-and-out liberal, then the word is passed that reference to the new Administration as liberal is incorrect. As the New York *Herald Tribune* columnist Robert Spivak has pointed out, the President "for a time favored 'progressive' and now he uses 'moderate'" to describe his Administration.

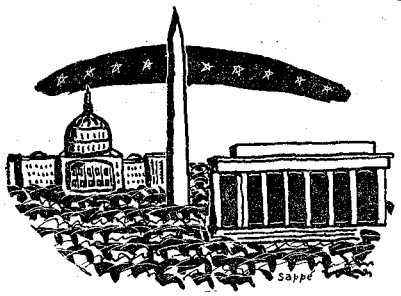
There are logical reasons for this swaying back and forth. The President wants to have the country move forward, desperately seeks national unity and prosperity as the great imperative in the world crisis with communism. But the question still remains: can a President be a leader and vacillate at the same time?

What has upset Congress emotionally is the suspicion of the Democratic majority that if it plays follow-the-leader, it will end up in a cul-de-sac. This suspicion of the way the President is going leaves the supporters of liberal legislation feeling that they lack a Sir Galahad ready to do or die for a cause.

Where is the Administration now bound, except from one crisis to another, domestic alternating with foreign, each approached as a separate problem to be tackled with spontaneous enthusiasm?

So, as Congress looks at Kennedy, there is uncertainty as to what he will do next. Is he a pragmatic liberal, an activist progressive or "moderate," or a middle-of-the-roader like Eisenhower? Is he for or against business? Is he anything but a great compromiser like Henry Clay?

Analyze the President's most sig-



nificant recent estimate of the state of his legislative program. He lacks a "workable majority," he says, and will campaign to get one in this November's mid-term elections.

There is even Congressional suspicion about that enterprise. Kennedy has already announced that he will support for re-election every incumbent Senator and Representative of his party. This means he will support those who have voted more often against him than with him, including Senator George Smathers (D., Fla.). Also included is Representative Charles A. Buckley (D., N.Y.), the Bronx boss who laid it on the line for Kennedy in this Congress' first session by not even showing up to vote most of the time.

Kennedy has the makings of a great President. One of the White House bibles is *Presidential Power: The Politics of Leadership*, by Richard E. Neustadt (John Wiley and Sons). Perhaps the President needs to read the book again, especially certain paragraphs pertaining to FDR:

> Political experience and private life created in him not an ideology but a decided feeling of what government should be and where its policies should lead. . . . Happily for him, his own sense of direction coincided, in the main, with the course of contemporary history. . . . His sense of power was thus reinforced by his sense of direction.

That is the kind of Executive leadership that the 87th Congress needs.

WIRE TAPPING:

THE SILENT INTRUDER . . *by Edward V. Long*

> Experience should teach us to be most on our guard to protect liberty when the Government's purposes are beneficent. Men born to freedom are naturally alert to repeal invasions of their liberty by evil-minded rulers. The greatest dangers to liberty lurk in insidious encroachment by men of zeal, well-meaning but without understanding.

JUSTICE LOUIS BRANDEIS sounded this warning — which free men must never forget—some thirty-four years ago when he was confronted by an issue which has not been fully resolved to this day: wire tapping.

EDWARD V. LONG, U.S. Senator from Missouri, is a member of the Senate Committee on the Judiciary.

The Attorney General recently asked Congress for authority to tap telephones and to use what is overheard as evidence in the criminal courts. The bill would authorize wire tapping by both state and federal law-enforcement officers; federal officers could tap wires, solely on the Attorney General's authority, in crimes affecting national security. It would also authorize state and federal wire tapping on court order in certain specified crimes.

Under the bill's provisions, moreover, both the Attorney General and the courts could authorize taps not only when a crime had been committed or was in process of being committed, but when a crime was *about* to be committed. Thus, not only could the telephone of a suspected criminal be tapped, but also the telephone of one suspected of possibly *becoming* a criminal. This would place the Attorney General and the courts in a unique position under our system of jurisprudence. They would need to be not only lawyers, but prophets as well.

IN THE early days of our nation, the right to privacy was considered so important that extensive protections of it were included in the Bill of Rights. This right has become even more dear to Americans as we have become an urbanized society and the areas in which a person can enjoy privacy have become increasingly limited. The areas that remain —and use of the telephone is among

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

them—should be protected, not destroyed.

The Fourth Amendment to the Constitution prohibits unreasonable search and seizure. In line with this prohibition, a warrant cannot be issued except on probable cause and it must be specific as to the place to be searched and thing to be seized. The Attorney General, while before the Judiciary Committee, conceded that wire tapping, like searches, does involve an invasion of privacy. Because of this, he argued that it should be allowed only under appropriate safeguards and limitations. However, he failed to point out that a wire tap cannot be limited to a particular place, person or purpose. By its very nature, it is unlimited and unlimitable. It is one of the most comprehensive forms of espionage.

WHEN A WIRE tap is placed on a phone, it monitors all conversations over that phone and every phone in the world which may be connected with it. This is true whether the call is outgoing or incoming. A wire tap placed on a phone in Washington, D.C., has the potential of listening in on words spoken in 74,500,000 homes and businesses in the United States and another 142,000,000 homes and businesses throughout the world. Not only does the tap overhear the conversations of the suspect, but also those of anyone and everyone who may use the phone. In the case of an office phone, this may include persons who are only remotely connected with the suspect. In the case of a public phone, it will encompass many people who have absolutely no connection with him. And when the phone tapped is in a hotel or large business concern where trunk lines and a switchboard are utilized, the tap will probably be placed on the trunk lines, and all calls into and out of the institution will be monitored.

Not only does a wire tap overhear the calls of any number of people other than the suspect, it also overhears conversations which historically have been considered privileged: those between lawyer and client, doctor and patient, priest and parishioner, husband and wife. Such conversations have always been considered immune to revelation even in the courtroom.

Herblock: St. Louis Post-Dispatch

There is absolutely no way to limit a wire tap so as to prevent the overhearing of this broad spectrum of telephone conversations. Is it any wonder that Justice Brandeis once said, "Writs of Assistance and general warrants are but puny instruments of tyranny and oppression when compared with wire tapping"?

WIRE TAPPING is anything but a new subject for Congress. Time and again Congress has recognized the evil of the practice and refused to approve it.

The present statutory law on wire tapping is found in Section 605 of the Federal Communications Act of 1934, which prohibits the interception and divulgence of telephone conversations except with consent of the sender. Since enactment of this Section, proponents of wire tapping for law-enforcement purposes have been able on five occations to obtain action by at least one House of Congress on legislation to amend its provisions but have never been successful in obtaining final Congressional action.

In 1938, both the Senate and the House of Representatives acted on a bill, but the House had adopted a limiting amendment. The Senate never agreed to the amendment, and the bill died with the adjournment of the 76th Congress. The House again adopted a bill in 1940, but the Senate failed to act. In 1941, the House, on a roll-call vote, defeated a wire-tap bill which had been reported by its Judiciary Committee. Then, in 1942, the House approved a bill which again failed to gain Senate approval. Twelve years later, in 1954, the House of Representatives once more approved a wire-tap bill, but it met its usual fate in the Senate.

On each of these five occasions, some unusual circumstance played a major role. The 1938 bill was a reaction to the United States Supreme Court's construction of Section 605 of the Communications Act; the Court, in the *Nardone* case (decided in 1937) had construed Section 605 to apply to law-enforcement officers and held wire-tap evidence inadmissible in federal courts. The primary motivation for House action in 1940, 1941 and 1942 was World War II: Attorneys General Jackson and Biddle had called for wire-tap legislation as a necessary war measure. In 1954, Attorney General Brownell called for wire-tapping legislation as a necessary cold-war measure; the Justice Department had just lost on appeal two convictions of Judith Coplon primarily because of FBI wire tapping, so approval of an "anti-traitor" bill was demanded.

However, these five unsuccessful attempts to enact wire-tap legislation do not tell the complete story of Congressional interest in the subject. Early in 1940, the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce recommended to the Senate that it conduct an investigation of wire tapping and the use of dictographs and similar devices for listening to, or recording, conversations. The committee said:

> Wire tapping, dictographing and similar devices are especially dangerous at the present time, because of the recent resurgence of a spy system conducted by Government police. Persons who have committed no crime, but whose economic and political views and activities may be obnoxious to the present incumbents of law-enforcement offices, are being investigated and catalogued. . . . Wire tapping and other unethical devices may lead to a variety of oppressions

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that may never reach the ears of the courts. They may, for example, have the effect of increasing the power of law-enforcement agencies to oppress factory employees who are under investigation, not for any criminal action, but only by reason of their views and activities in regard to labor unions and other economic movements; this is no fanciful case—such investigations are a fact today.

The Senate approved the investigation and extensive hearings were held. The testimony of witnesses documented completely the evils anticipated by the committee report. This investigation undoubtedly played a significant part in the Senate's refusal to approve the House-passed wire-tap bills in 1940 and 1942.

PRESENT efforts to obtain wire-tap legislation began late in the summer of 1960. The Senate Judiciary Committee approved a bill which would authorize law-enforcement wire tapping by the state. The proposal was unprecedented, for all previous attempts at this kind of legislation had dealt solely with federal wire tapping. When the 86th Congress adjourned in September without Senate action, the bill died.

The prime factor behind this bill was the pressure exerted by New York law-enforcement people after the 1957 *Benanti* decision of the Supreme Court.

In 1938, the people of New York had adopted an amendment to the search-and-seizure guarantee of their state constitution in order to permit wire tapping. Based on this amendment, and in the face of the Supreme Court's *Nardone* decision, the New York State Legislature had enacted a court-order system of police wire tapping.

In the *Benanti* case, wire-tap evidence obtained by New York state police with a court order was turned over to federal authorities, who used it as evidence to convict the defendant. The Supreme Court held that the federal law, Section 605, was controlling, and decided that the admission of the wire-tap evidence had violated Section 605 even though the evidence had been obtained under the state-approved system. The Court, therefore, reversed Benanti's conviction. New York law-enforcement officers immediately raised the hue and cry that law enforcement had been brought to an end in New York. They asserted that they had case after case where there was no doubt as to the guilt of the accused, but that wire-tap evidence would be necessary for proof in court. So they turned to Congress to amend Section 605.

After the Senate failed to act in 1960 on the state wire-tap bill, a similar proposal was offered last year and approved with minor amendments by the Senate Constitutional Rights Subcommittee. This bill is presently pending on the Senate Judiciary Committee agenda, where it vies with the Attorney General's wire-tap bill for attention.

THE WIRE-TAP story, of course, is not limited to Congress. The Supreme Court has also spent considerable time on the subject. The first Supreme Court decision on wire tapping was handed down in 1928; by 5 to 4, the Court held in the *Olmstead* case that telephone conversations are not protected against wire tapping by the Fourth Amendment. This decision made wire tapping a national issue and was the beginning of the whole story. Shortly after the *Olmstead* opinion was handed down, Congress enacted the Communications Act of 1934. Section 605 of the Act was quickly brought before the courts to determine its effect on *Olmstead*. The first *Nardone* decision (referred to earlier in this article) decided that wire tapping was illegal and that wire-tap evidence was inadmissible in federal court. Nardone was then retried, convicted and again appealed. This time the Supreme Court applied the "fruit of the evil tree" doctrine, holding that evidence obtained from leads acquired by wire tapping was inadmissible. On the same day the Court handed down this second *Nardone* decision it held in another case that Section 605 was applicable to both interstate and intrastate telephone calls.

These decisions marked the zenith of Section 605's protection of telephone privacy. In subsequent cases, the Supreme Court has limited, step by step, the scope of this protection. The Court has held that listening in on one end of a telephone conversation is not an interception. It has held, further, that only the parties to a telephone conversation have any standing in court for objecting to the use of wire-tap evidence. It also has decided that, while wire tapping by state officials violates Section 605, evidence so obtained is admissible in state courts if the state permits its use. It has declared that it is not a violation of Section 605 for police to listen in on a regular extension telephone with the consent of one party. Finally, it has held that federal courts cannot enjoin the divulgence of wire-tap evidence in state courts.

However, in these decisions the Supreme Court has shown that it shares the general dislike of Congress for law-enforcement wire tapping. It has referred to the practice as a dirty business, as unethical and as destructive of personal liberty.

IN THE third branch of government, the attitude toward wire tapping has been somewhat different. Not only have several Attorneys General called on Congress to legalize law-enforcement wire tapping, but the Justice Department—through the FBI—has been using taps since 1940. In that year, the Attorney General took the position that wire tapping alone did not violate Section 605. Under our system of jurisprudence, the *Nardone* decisions of 1937 and 1939 were determinative only as to the admission *in court* of wire-tap evidence or of evidence obtained through leads acquired by wire taps. The Attorney General in 1940 construed Section 605 as requiring both an *interception* and a *divulgence*. He further took the position that a divulgence between employees of the Justice Department was not the divulgence contemplated by Section 605. The President approved wire tapping by the FBI in national security cases, and every President since has given the same approval. The legality of this activity has never been specifically tested in the courts and Congress has tolerated the practice without taking legislative action.

Because of its wire-tapping activ-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ities, the Justice Department has maintained a policy of not prosecuting state law-enforcement officials for such activity as long as it had a police purpose. For the same reason, it has never enforced Section 605 with the vigor necessary to make it effective against private wire tapping. Only a handful of private wire-tappers has ever been tried.

All Americans are concerned that those who violate the law are apprehended and convicted. However, is not the price we must pay for legalizing wire tapping too high for the possible assistance it may be to law enforcement? On many occasions over the years, law-enforcement officials have appeared before Congress in support of wire-tap legislation. They have spoken of crises in law enforcement. They have warned of dire consequences if Congressional action is not taken. They have testified to rising crime rates. Yet, in all their arguments, they have never presented concrete evidence of why wire tapping is necessary. Nor have their gloomy predictions of calamity, should Congress refuse to act on their request, come true.

Before Congress approves a wire-tap bill, it should ask: Are the existing dangers to our society so grave that we are willing to surrender a significant part of our liberty? Are the dangers so grave we are willing to make a major change in our basic values? We know what we would lose. We do not know what we would gain.

One of the most frequent arguments made for the Attorney General's wire-tap bill is that the people's right of privacy is already being invaded by the current widespread use of private wire tapping. We are told that if the Attorney General's bill is enacted, private wire tapping will be stopped. But is it reasonable to believe that there will be less private wire tapping if police wire tapping is authorized than there is today when—at least theoretically—ALL wire tapping is banned? "The greatest dangers to liberty lurk in insidious encroachment by men of zeal, well-meaning but without understanding." What is needed today is not new wire-tap legislation, but enforcement of the present law.

BLACKLISTING: the FAULK DECISION . . *David Cort*

ONE DAY the bill falls due for the wicked—sometimes, it is true, a lifetime or a thousand years late, but all morality and hope disappear when people cease to expect that day.

It came, for thousands of people ruined in the 1950s, in New York Supreme Court, when the libel case of John Henry Faulk against Vincent W. Hartnett, Laurence E. Johnson and Aware, Inc., went to the jury on the evening of June 28, the fourteenth wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Faulk, and a bad six years since Faulk was cut down by the word "Communist," and brought suit. Since such maligners leave very faint tracks, the trial had dragged on, under Justice Abraham Geller, for eleven weeks, to pick up that sinister spoor. For Faulk, a man who was anything but a Communist, had been indelibly branded as one—and so ruined. As sensible people, we know that this is impossible; still, it happened.

Louis Nizer, author of the book, *My Life in Court*, was counsel for the plaintiff. His case was that an inhuman, un-American and tragic wrong had been done. The defense was that its acts had been very American, and that personal tragedy is irrelevant and immaterial.

Around 1950, the defendants had discovered that close study of the Attorney General's list of subversive organizations and the files of the House Un-American Activities Committee gave one a tool against thousands of people, especially in TV and radio, which are supported by conservative and easily scared advertisers. You just had to do the homework. If you made it known in the right quarters that a performer or writer had "a significant Communist-front record" (the standard incantation), he was through. If he defended himself, it would cost him at least $6,000 in the courts, and he was probably still through. Many of the accused therefore took the Fifth Amendment. In that case, they were through, too. This glorious business flourished most briskly against the members of the American Federation of Television and Radio Artists (AFTRA), to which all performers in TV and radio had to belong.

What sort of American would stoop to this work? Hartnett, whom I watched for some weeks in court, is the type of the eternal, meticulous snooper, and even has the sunken, prissy mouth of the beldam gossip of caricature. Paul R. Milton, his associate in Aware, Inc., has a big, wholesale butcher's head from which peeps, now and then, a terrified little girl. Johnson, a Syracuse grocer who sold his chain of supermarkets in 1956, never appeared in court.

Hartnett profited by $25,000 a year for supplying the names of "Communists" to such clients as Borden's, Lever Brothers, American Broadcasting Company, Young and Rubicam, the Cutler Agency. Hartnett wrote a magazine article chiding Borden's for permitting "Communists" on its TV show, got himself hired by Borden's (for $10,000 that year), then added two paragraphs to his article, concluding that Borden's had now taken all appropriate steps to do better in the future. Milton accused a writer on the TV show, *Treasury Men in Action*, of being pro-Communist, got him fired, and then took his job. Ah, those were the halcyon days.

Defense counsel described Hartnett as an "expert"—an expert on wicked people, like Bernard Guy or Torque-

DAVID CORT is a frequent contributor. A new collection of his essays and articles, many of which have appeared in The Nation, *will be published later in the year by Macmillan under the title* Social Astonishments.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mada, those masters of The Question. Hartnett himself testified that he had never blacklisted anybody; he had merely done objective research on "significant Communist-front records." This dazzling new career was childishly, enviably easy: of course, one kept a file of "names," subscribed to the *Daily Worker,* got on all liberal and leftist mailing lists, saved old programs, eavesdropped on groups of actors with a microphone and hidden recorder, and corresponded with the House Un-American Activities Committee. None of his victims knew him, or remembered ever having seen him, but of course he knew them all, since they were performers, publicly visible or audible. Hartnett was, in effect, the invisible man, and he kept it that way.

The flood of names he garnered he sold to his clients at $5 a head, a price that must make the ruined men rage when they look at their wives and children. To find one's soul worth $5 must be terrible; the devil pays better. But they can be consoled to know that for the same name Hartnett collected $5 from each of a number of clients. Arthur Miller's name was worth $300. One joker got Hartnett to clear the name, Santa Claus, and he did so for $5. It all sounds as petty as a spinster's hobby in Keokuk, but it added up to $25,000 a year for Hartnett, the invisible man whom nobody ever remembered. And corporations worth a hundred billion dollars trembled on his telephone calls and jumped at his command. The thing is too ridic-

Nailed!

ulous to be believed; still, it happened. It was proved in court. It was not even argued by the defense.

The defense emphasized that Hartnett's transcendent virtue was that he did not, repeat did not, add to this income by letting the accused buy their way off his lists. (But in some cases, e.g., the actress, Kim Hunter, he did coerce performers into expressing opinions they hated.) It is an interesting aesthetic theory that because he might have been blacker, and was not, he must therefore be white. My observation is that he lacks the guts and tact to blackmail; this must be face to face. Lacking these, he convinces himself that he is filled with principle.

HARTNETT'S accusation was enough in the fifties, as everyone knows: the corporations immediately panicked and disavowed the individuals. "A sponsor is interested in selling goods; it is not interested in causes. Why buy a headache?" said a witness. But it is hard to prove this legally. Nizer had the utmost difficulty wringing any important admission out of the corporate witnesses, and we all understand why. The defense naturally counted on this.

In these matters, the Communists and the "anti-Communists" are agreed on destroying the only true anti-Communists, the decent people in the middle. Their very decency seems to enrage the two extremes.

The murderous arrogance of these "anti-Communists" was shown when a producer challenged the "non-clearance" of a woman entertainer who, he knew, had extremely conservative politics. He demanded at least an explanation, was refused, demanded it again, and found that the woman had been mistaken for another with a vaguely similar name; still, he was told to fire her anyway, because the public might confuse the two. He refused, and was informed, "Next time don't be so emphatic, or they say they might take an interest in you."

Looking back at Johnson, Hartnett and Aware, Inc. (the name itself is an understated threat), a historical memory comes to mind: the Reign of Terror of the French Revolution, Robespierre and the Committee of Public Safety: accusations without accusers, cursory trials or no trials, the Law of Suspects, the "clearing" by the local committees of surveillance. "Not cleared" is an inscrutable tag Robespierre would have liked. And the American people were hardly conscious that this Terror was in force. The American press did not report it; it was either sympathetic or too terrified.

And one mean little group of men were able to do this: Johnson combined with the grocery clerks' branch of the Syracuse American Legion, combined with Hartnett and Milton, whom we have seen, and the Aware, Inc., publications.

At the trial, Hartnett confessed that his alliance with Johnson, who could threaten any reluctant advertiser with the hostility of the retail grocers' association (maybe), "enhanced my value." That is, Johnson's operations could put teeth in Hartnett's most careless whims as to who had a "significant Communist-front record." Madison Avenue fell into line. If it did not, Johnson came roaring down from Syracuse, raging up and down Madison Avenue, to see to it.

The closet government of the United States for some years, while Eisenhower thought he was running the country, was this savage little cabal of very small men without talent, distinction or courage.

BY 1955, however, the thing had grown overripe. The Robespierres had grown fat. And the decent Americans in AFTRA were ready to call a halt and crack down on both Communists and blacklisters. They voted to condemn Aware, Inc., and put up a middle-of-the-road slate of officers, including John Henry Faulk as second vice president.

Hartnett wrote Johnson, "We have already lost Equity. We may lose our control of AFTRA." What? Neither was a member of AFTRA. What control? But of course, AFTRA had been both their victim and their puppet.

This John Henry Faulk had become a radio and TV personality with a great following, on the basis of a rich personality of effortless Texas charm, a liberal humanism and a built-in affection for the whole

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

American heritage [see "Disc Jockey Fights the Blacklist" by Dan Wakefield, *The Nation,* Dec. 20, 1958]. He was wholly unlike, and a better performer than, Godfrey, Linkletter, et al. He liked to talk, and he had a lot to say that America liked to hear. He was on the threshold of a $500,000-a-year career when he consented to try to impose some kind of peace on conflict-riven AFTRA, by running as a candidate. What a fool, I would say, but remember that he was a good-hearted, reasonable man from the country, who thought he was in a decent, reasonable world.

Hartnett, Milton and Aware, Inc., cooked up a bulletin, Exhibit 41 at the trial, purporting to show Faulk's "significant Communist-front record." In view of the sequel, I don't expect you to believe this, but five of the seven items were outright inventions, and the other two were absolutely insignificant. If they were "significant," your mother is an Albanian Communist spy.

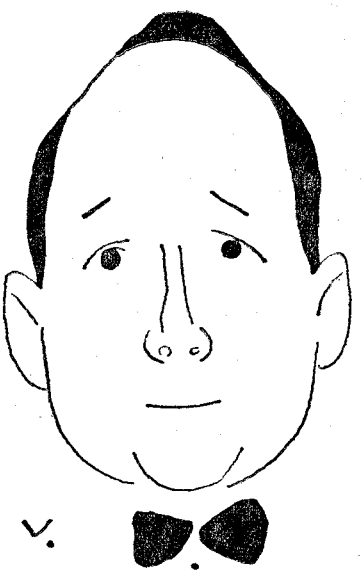
For example, the bulletin represented an interview by the New York *Herald Tribune* with Faulk as an interview with him by the *Daily Worker*. For example, again, the bulletin stated that one "Communist affair" Faulk attended was a Salute to the United Nations, where the speakers were Secretary of State Stettinius and Trygve Lie (these latter facts, of course, not mentioned in the citation).

THE INTENT to destroy Faulk professionally, and no other intent, was betrayed by the twelve categories of recipients to whom this masterpiece was mailed February 10, 1956: newspapers, radio and TV companies, two national advertising associations, advertising agencies, association of retail grocers, motion picture studios, sponsoring corporations, law-enforcement agencies, four actors' unions, patriotic organizations, leading magazines, leading columnists. In this list, we can see the combined malevolences of Johnson, Hartnett, Milton and the others plotting to corner a man.

From that day on, Faulk never appeared again on television, because he had no contract. But somehow the Committee of Public Safety had been unable to dislodge him from his 5 to 6 P.M. radio show. The people still loved him; and the Robespierres raged. What had happened was that Charles Collingwood, a CBS commentator and president of AFTRA, had told the president of CBS Radio that if Faulk were fired, AFTRA would subpoena and examine the advertising agency executives whose clients had canceled from the Faulk show. (Twenty-nine did.) Ed Murrow backed up Collingwood. But sixteen months later, Collingwood was no longer president of AFTRA, Murrow was no longer with CBS, and Faulk was on a Caribbean vacation; and now CBS fired Faulk, though his program had more listeners than any other CBS show.

However, the Terror had been defied, and was resolved to finish the execution. It followed Faulk to promises of jobs in Minneapolis, New York and San Francisco—promises which then "mysteriously" fell through. That is, the warm, loving conversation suddenly turned distant and evasive. Faulk told his friends in the business he would do anything, even to sweeping out the studio, for after all he had a wife and children. They tried not to tell him that the Terror had conveyed to them that Faulk was not to be hired in any capacity, or the terrible vengeance would fall on one and all. Behind the curtain, as this agony drew itself out, were Johnson, Hartnett and the members of Aware, Inc., smiling in the various ways they knew how to smile, or even laugh. I saw several of their smiles and they were frightening.

Finally Faulk retreated to his home town, Austin, Texas, where he and his wife, by both working, were able to bring in under $5,000 a year. In the industry he was a "walking corpse," but not in his own mind, for Louis Nizer had taken his case against the Terror. At the preliminary examinations Nizer, to his amazement, discovered that Faulk had never before laid eyes on Hartnett, who had so vengefully and wickedly chopped him down. Hartnett had indeed been "objective," as objective as Hitler or Stalin in their mass exterminations. Hartnett had not even paid Faulk the compliment of hating him viscerally. He had been



John Henry Faulk

far too busy with his little lists. The prim little mouth had bitten down on Faulk and spat him out.

I HAVE in the above roughly synthesized the evidence at the trial with other information and "fair comment," a legal term. Now both sides rest. The defense attorney, Bolan, a partner of Roy Cohn (who else?), argued in summation that Faulk was a liar, Hartnett was a more truthful and honest man than anyone you will ever come across, Faulk did better after the libel than before, Faulk never was any good anyway, Faulk had no future on TV and was just a self-aggrandized disc jockey. So much for Bolan's dramatic criticism. He also advanced the social theory that though the courts cannot object to a man's taking the Fifth Amendment, his neighbors can and should. A neighborly lynching, he said, is right and proper. Blacklisting is simply splendid and purely patriotic. (This was not an issue in the trial: Faulk never took the Fifth Amendment on anything, and was never technically blacklisted.) Bolan was in fact arguing some other case that existed in the dream world of Johnson, Hartnett and Aware, Inc., where so many other nightmares had indeed come true; but this was not the case being argued before Justice Geller.

Nizer's summation pulled out of the mass of evidence an easily read trail of conspiracy against Faulk, as given above. A peculiar incident here

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

should have alerted me. I could not get into the courtroom before the first recess, but was at the head of the overflow line when a Yahoo type bulled his way through us and into the court attendants, snarling "I will not stand back! Tell the judge I'm here!" He identified himself as from the New York *Journal-American* and was allowed in. He seated himself at the press table, glowering about as if he were banked in Communists. The *Journal-American* had not reported the case; why this?

Defendant Johnson, hiding out in a Bronx motel, had just died that morning. This for the first time made the trial news to most of the press (though for the *Journal-American* not good news).

Nizer asked for a minimum $1,000,000 compensatory damages, and $1,000,000 punitive damages from each of the three defendants. The judge, however, told the jury that Johnson was dead and could not be assessed punitive damages.

Before midnight on the Faulks's wedding anniversary, the jury came in with its verdict: $1,000,000 compensatory damages, $1,250,000 punitive against Hartnett, $1,250,000 punitive against Aware. All twelve jurors agreed on the verdict, but one woman thought the amount too high. (In a civil suit, a 10 to 2 vote is enough.)

This story reached page one, column one, of the *Times*, which alone had reported the whole trial. The *Journal-American* headlined its story: "Faulk May Never Get His Millions For Libel—$3,500,000 Phantom Award"—another way of saying "Yah! Yah!"

In fact, lawyers agreed that Faulk and Nizer will get the $1,000,000 from Johnson's estate, and part of Hartnett's income for the rest of his life. The liability of the Aware officers is speculative; Milton has a good deal of real estate. Nizer in six years had had costs of about $200,000 and will get them back at least. The income tax on Faulk's share of the compensatory damages is subject to various deductions and should properly be spread over the past five years. The punitive damages are non-taxable.

It is to be hoped that the defense will appeal so that this largest award in the history of libel cases will be built into the legal structure of the higher judiciary. Already that $3,500,000 award has washed out a lot of mouths. Paupers may continue to gibber, "Significant Communist-front record," but anybody with money had better not join in.

The second hope, which is already more than that, is that John Henry Faulk will now return to his talent for entertaining and instructing the American people.

NEWS GAP in SOUTH VIETNAM . . *by Jack Foisie*

IN WHAT amounts to a covert agreement, United States military-diplomats and officials of the Republic of Vietnam are providing correspondents with only the most meager information on American participation in the counter-guerrilla war against the Viet Cong Communists. Homer Bigart of *The New York Times* is a chronic debunker of the official attitude that U.S.-Vietnam relations are too delicate to submit to examination, or that American-Vietnam military operations are too complex to allow correspondents on the scene. Writing recently from Saigon to his New York superiors, Bigart said his work in Vietnam had been "peculiarly depressing."

He explained: "Too often correspondents are regarded by the American mission as tools of foreign policy. Those who balk are apt to find it a bit lonely, for they are likely to be distrusted and shunned by American and Vietnamese officials. I am sick of it. . . ."

Under current policy, reports on most military action must be cleared through both governments, even when only American personnel are involved. This causes delays of up to five days before correspondents can get confirmation of skirmishes in which Americans have been killed or wounded. During the first few months of the build-up, the only permanently stationed public information officer at U. S. headquarters in Saigon was an Army captain, Hal Alabaster. Although he was zealous in doing what he could for correspondents, he was unable to prevail on his superiors to set up a procedure that is routine in most war situations: a daily briefing of actions during the previous twenty-four hours. Nor could we learn, even in general terms, where future operations were planned. Since correspondents in a theatre of war have been cleared by the Defense Department (this includes an FBI loyalty check), advance tips are usually provided. Not knowing whether to go south or north in lengthy Vietnam, few correspondents in Saigon rouse themselves to strike out blindly in search of the "big battle."

The reluctance of the Vietnamese high command to allow correspondents on operations seems to stem from a lack of confidence in the outcome of their planned strikes against Viet Cong strongholds. Only after government troops are victorious do the Saigon generals invite the correspondents to the battlefield. On display are ripening stacks of enemy dead. For their part, American officers fear to leak information to correspondents before it has been officially cleared by their Vietnamese opposites. "If we tell you what is going on," said one American, "the Vietnamese will cease telling us what they're up to."

Even Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara failed to get essential (or at least, highly interesting) information during a recent visit. His tour of inspection took him to Ben Tuong, one of the resettlement projects to which farm families subject to Communist harassment are being moved.

JACK FOISIE, a correspondent on the staff of the San Francisco Chronicle, *has recently returned from an assignment to South Vietnam.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

McNamara flew to the village instead of traveling by car—and for good reason: guerrillas had ambushed a convoy just outside Ben Tuong five hours before McNamara's arrival. But the Secretary was told nothing of the scrap and left believing that the highway between Saigon and Ben Tuong was unmolested.

Sometimes, instead of evasion, military spokesmen resort to outright falsehoods. They counseled two American sergeants, just released by Viet Cong captors, to deny they had carried out Communist propaganda. Radio Hanoi reported differently—and for once the North Vietnam propaganda station was right.

JUST GETTING sufficient credentials to work properly in Vietnam is arduous. (One must add, in fairness, that this process is time-consuming in many countries.) In addition to the usual Defense Department accreditation, a correspondent must be cleared by the Vietnamese Government. He must visit the special press adviser to the President, Dang Duc Khoi; he must also visit the military's psychological warfare information officer. To check with one and not the other is a grave error.

I went to the north country armed with letters of accreditation addressed to the chiefs of three provinces, but none of them was honored at the Vietnam Ranger training school, and I was sent packing back to Saigon for "proper" credentials. Officially there is no censorship. But cabled copy is monitored, and correspondents can be brought up on charges of spreading "false information."

But perhaps the most provoking restrictions are those on specifically U. S. military operations. For example, American naval vessels are assisting Vietnam patrol boats in stopping Communist junks off the coast. Not one correspondent has been able yet—to my knowledge—to accompany such ships on their patrols.

I tried. Captain Joseph Drachnik, the ranking U. S. naval officer in Saigon, ruled that before an American newsman could visit an American ship on operations, consent would have to be obtained from the Vietnam Government. I appreciate the desire of the Vietnamese Government to remain boss in its own country, but this incident indicates how we flatter Vietnamese sovereignty when it suits our purpose.

I sought and obtained the approval of the Vietnamese authorities to visit the U. S. destroyer-escort *Edmonds*. Captain Drachnik then sent a message to the U. S. Seventh Fleet asking for concurrence. No answer was received, and I was told later that the message never reached the flagship *Oklahoma City*.

I have since learned that the *Edmonds* and her sister ships were pushing their "advisory" role to the fullest extent. Although the Vietnamese patrol boats are radar-equipped, the equipment is not modern, and the crews are not proficient in operating it. So it was the *Edmonds'* radar men who "sighted" suspicious vessels on their scopes and sent the Vietnamese craft in to investigate. This is not overt involvement, but it is an interesting sidelight on American participation in the conflict. It may explain why reporters are not invited on sea voyages off the Vietnam coast.

U. S. military men in Saigon insist that the hold-down order stems, not from the Pentagon, but from the State Department. This is supported by a conversation I had with a high-ranking State Department official after my return from Vietnam. "We're trying to keep foreign policy off page one," he said. He knew of my request to go patroling with the *Edmonds*, so somehow a message that was "lost" by the Seventh Fleet managed to get to the State Department.

THE official curb on news applies not only in Vietnam. The lid is on—tighter than for years past—in other areas of the Far East where we are involved. An example: once a week or so a seaplane leaves Sangley Naval Base in the Philippines and flies over the Paracels, a cluster of little islands in the South China Sea. Four nations claim these islands; the Chinese Communists occupy them. As a gesture of protest against their presence in the Paracels, the patrol plane buzzes the main island. The peasants look up, shake their fists and throw rocks. The next day Peiping radio announces: "For the nth time (it's more than 200) the United States has violated our territory."

This little give-and-take has been going on for years. It amuses us; perhaps it serves a purpose. And it is an action obviously known to the Chinese Communists. But can a correspondent fly on such a mission? No.

We are probing the Bamboo curtain by plane, surface ship and submarine. No one wants to reveal military secrets, but many of these operations are no longer secret. They have been conducted over the same routes for years and are "watched" by Communist radar.

But all such patrols, except for one routine Formosa Straits flight, are classified secret. It would take a big push by the House subcommittee on government information or by some news-gathering organization to declassify a few of them.

LETTERS

(*Continued from inside front cover*)

sure that the Bullitt family which owns the Crown stations and the intelligent and courageous staff of KING get the credit due them. GILBERT SELDES, Dean
Annenberg School of Communications
University of Pennsylvania
Philadelphia, Pa.

Wrong Union

Dear Sirs: By an unfortunate inadvertence, John J. Lindsay's article, "Windfall in Space," in your June 16 issue, identifies the American Communications Association as having given "solid endorsement" to a bill which would permit the creation of a communications satellite system owned by private communications carriers. Nothing could be further from the truth. The union which has taken this position is the Communications Workers of America (AFL-CIO). . . . The American Communications Association, on the other hand, has consistently opposed all measures which would put the vital communications satellite system in the hands of private carriers. . . . CHARLES L. SILBERMAN
Publicity Director, A.C.A.
New York City

The error was ours. Our apologies to Mr. Lindsay and to Mr. Silberman and the A.C.A.—Editor.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Nazi Whitewash

LE MENSONGE D'ULYSSE (The Lie of Ulysses). By Paul Rassinier. La Librairie Française. 236 pp. 12 NF.

ULYSSE TRAHI PAR LES SIENS (Ulysses Betrayed by His Fellows). By Paul Rassinier. Documents et Témoignages. 125 pp. 4.95 NF.

LE VERITABLE PROCES EICHMANN (The True Eichmann Trial). By Paul Rassinier. Les Sept Couleurs. 249 pp. 15 NF.

Ernest Zaugg

READING the latest book by Professor Paul Rassinier, *The True Eichmann Trial,* one wonders what has happened to the proud tradition of French critical history. One can understand Mrs. Eichmann, who in *Paris Match* speaks of "that innocent man whom I love," but Professor Rassinier belongs to that fraternity in which, as he recently confided to me, "A German professor is not considered worthy to be a student of a French professor and an American professor would not be hired to sweep out a French university classroom." Nevertheless, in his defense of Eichmann he prints a letter from Theresienstadt, dated 23 May 1944 and signed by five members of the official Jewish committee, in which that camp is described in terms appropriate to a vacation resort, a "Strength Through Joy" settlement with a band, library, plentiful food and excellent medical care. And nary a word from the learned professor that this letter had to go through Nazi censorship and could have been written under extreme pressure and for an ulterior motive.

Dozens of similar examples could be culled from his three books, which constitute the most strenuous and deceptive effort at a whitewash job that has yet appeared in the German and French literary market.

The Lie of Ulysses is a description of the concentration camps of Buchenwald and Dora as seen by Professor Rassinier, radical pacifist, social dreamer and swimmer against all streams. Almost everyone in the camps was vile, but it is all humanly understandable, and the S.S. guards were no viler than anyone else.

In *Ulysses Betrayed by His Fellows,* Professor Rassinier denies almost every vestige of the Nazi atrocities in such a radical manner that one is constrained to wonder whether he is naive. No gas chambers in Germany, no proved (with documents) gas chambers in the East, including Auschwitz; or at least no more gas chambers than one finds in Philadelphia and used for the same purpose: to "wash" paint. Auschwitz was a factory for IG Farben and washing paint in gas chambers is how you make it. No six million Jews killed—only a few hundred thousand. The concentration camps no worse than concentration camps anywhere, and they would have been better had not the Communists and their friends, like Eugen Kogon, stolen all the food from the ordinary prisoners. And of course the so-called "final solution"—the plan of genocide—is a myth.

THE BOOKS of Professor Rassinier could be passed over were it not that they are grist for the mill of German nationalism and neo-Nazism. They are avidly read in Germany by a certain strata because they wash the German soul clean. They are pored over by the neo-Nazis because they suggest that all these atrocities which Rassinier regards as myths could have been foisted upon the poor innocent German people by a diabolical conspiracy. They are read by the adventurous and slightly or wholly asocial elements because they have the fascination of the forbidden, of the clandestine, the underground and of everything which is sought out and hunted by the police. When Rassinier was on a recent lecture tour which took him to a dozen German cities (he was banned in Hamburg), a high government official visited him at his hotel, but did not want his name known to the professor's secretary.

Why do the French read him? They surely suffered in concentration camps! The French love to argue. They will argue for hours in their cafés about any new and radical view, no matter how screwy.

Professor Rassinier is the victim of an acute case of "documentitis." Nothing which has not been stamped and sealed is creditable. He is more German than the Germans. He does not realize that when a murderer goes out to kill he does not seek a document signed by the Bürgermeister, the labor office, the police and the local bishop. Rassinier, before he became a whitewasher of German Nazis, was trained for research in the middle ages.

Shortly after Adolf Eichmann was captured in Argentina, his brother, Otto Eichmann, struggling with a problem far beyond his mental capacities, came upon the first two books of Professor Rassinier. He was impressed. This was how a member of the Eichmann family would think. He sent for the professor and asked him to be an adviser to the Eichmann lawyer, Dr. Robert Servatius. There was at the time a secret Eichmann defense committee, consisting of Hans Rechenberg, former press adviser of Hermann Goering, and a Swiss rightist, François Genoud. Rechenberg and Genoud guaranteed the expenses, or part of them, of Dr. Servatius in exchange for the Eichmann copyright (he wrote his memoirs while in prison in Israel) and went about shaking the can for Eichmann among wealthy German former Nazis.

The lawyer and the defense committee listened to Professor Rassinier's plan for a defense during several conferences in Linz at the Eichmann homestead, in Salzburg and at the Hotel Belfast in Paris. Rassinier wanted Dr. Servatius to construct a big historical case, a second Nüremberg trial, by denying every atrocity that the Nazis committed and claiming that reports about them were based on faked documents and false testimony. Neither Dr. Servatius, nor Rechenberg, nor Genoud could accept that strategy. There was considerable bad blood amongst the defenders, and mistrust and vilification. The lawyer wrote his defense, which is a dry document and has not sold 300 copies in Germany. Rassinier wrote his book, which is loaded with dynamite, at least for German readers. Now, whether it is true or not, he claims that Dr. Servatius wants his defense plea included in the German edition of Rassinier's book, so that it will sell more.

Rechenberg was right. As unofficial foreign minister, political adviser and legal counselor for the old Nazis he has warned them again and again to keep their mouths shut, to join no radical or crackpot movement, to disassociate themselves from any ideological argu-

ERNEST ZAUGG is owner and chief correspondent of the Hometown Feature Service, and has spent twenty years reporting from abroad, chiefly from Europe, Africa and the Far East. He writes for European, Japanese and American publications.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ments or movements, and to concentrate solely on strengthening their economic positions in German industry and finance and to defend themselves in the courts by the democratic rules, but only when necessary. Then along comes Rassinier with his books—very tempting—but the important old Nazis who have followed Rechenberg's "party line" were not interested.

The rank and file, however, are very much interested. The one million Waffen S.S. men, who feel themselves injured by the judgment of Nüremberg which declared them members of a criminal organization—for them, Rassinier is a god. Germany is a strange country. Behind the façade of prosperity, there are many currents and shadowy forms. If in ten years there is a new "stab-in-the-back" legend, Rassinier's books will be honored as its first classics.

The Two Baldwins

ANOTHER COUNTRY. By James Baldwin. Dial Press. 436 pp. $5.95.

Saul Maloff

BY THIS TIME it is permissible—it is *necessary*—to think, not of James Baldwin, the novelist and essayist, but of the two James Baldwins, one the novelist, the other the essayist. The differences between the two achievements are that striking and radical. What has gained Baldwin his reputation as an essayist is not alone his characteristic subject matter—the encounter and confrontation of the races—nor the fervency and passion of his response and address. What is most arresting, and profoundly moving, is the overpowering sense he conveys that on the outcome of this tormented issue we shall live or die, as individuals and as a nation.

Baldwin appears in his essays as a witness, a prophet; but his testimony and prophecy are given their terrible force and urgency by his qualities as a writer. These qualities, most notably, are his poise and clarity and reverberant feeling; and as they are moral as well as literary qualities, they serve beautifully to criticize the life they are poised *against,* simply by existing, by being what they are. We sense the anguish just below the surface of Baldwin's essays, but the surface itself is controlled and lucid. Indeed the feeling is formal, almost stately: the balanced periods move across the page in even progression, as a reproach and a lesson—scrupulously patient in argument, leisurely in tempo, impeccably correct (sometimes even a little pedantic) in language, construction, mechanics.

IN Baldwin's new novel, *Another Country,* there are no effective controls—of form, of language, of moral content, of theme. In intention, *Another Country* is a "big" novel, one dealing with a crucial period in the lives of a rather large number of characters whose fates intersect. The "country" of the title, on the literal level, is New York City, specifically Greenwich Village and Harlem, where much of the action takes place; metaphorically, the country is that misty region on the nether side of society where alienated men and women act out the racial and sexual—and, improbably, the international, or at least the Franco-American—encounter. The characters—black and white, beat and square, irresolutely straight and avowedly homosexual—are in their variety meant to describe the topography of that other country, and to dramatize the way life is lived there.

That is the intention; but intentions do not make novels. Baldwin loses control almost immediately, and never recovers it; and the manner in which he fails lies at the heart of the novel's totally disabling flaws. With catastrophically absurd and chaotic results for the work as fiction, and as criticism of life, he takes his metaphors, his allegory, literally: not illuminating in some imaginative and contingent sense, but *equivalent* in an exact and mathematical one, so that the torments of race and sex, each mirroring the other, are fought out on the same battleground, with the same weapons, to the same issue. (For Baldwin, sex is a "necessary war.")

The ground is prepared in the novel's opening section (which, formally, is more an autonomous novella than an organic part of the whole) in the affair, which begins in confusion and obscurity and ends in madness and suicide, between Rufus Scott (Negro, Northern, sometime homosexual, and male prostitute) and Leona (white, Southern, of active, though mysterious, sexual past). When Rufus, having driven Leona mad by his paranoid rages and brutality, kills himself by leaping from a bridge (which, Baldwin tells us, was named for "the father of his country"), he leaves behind to grieve, among others, a sister who enters upon an affair with Vivaldo (white, Northern, sometime homosexual, and one-time "best-friend"-lover of Rufus) and Eric (white, Southern, formerly Rufus' lover and presently lover of three others: Yves, who is French and, simply, homosexual; Cass, who is white, Northern, and, possibly, female; and Vivaldo himself, who leaves Eric's hot bed after one supremely fulfilling night of love to return to Ida's more pedestrian one). To chart in more detail the campaigns which make up the novel would seem an act of malice.

Since love is notoriously resistant to fictional representation, the novelist, forewarned, must make very certain to establish its reality in the most convincing way before he can demand of it, as Baldwin does, that it carry the immense burden of saving grace to all our dilemmas. Thus, it is here, at the very heart of his conception, that Baldwin falters.

THE artist's job is to name with precision the things of this world; by this means he creates experience, and makes it coherent. That organizing act is a moral one. In this sense, because he misnames the acts and feelings which are the essence of his novel, Baldwin compounds confusion, adding moral to aesthetic failure. We watch it happening on every page. The point of view shifts erratically; the tempo flags; scenes lose their force and drift into limbo; dialogue is wooden, listless, frequently superfluous. The language, because it is without its own energy and shape, seeks desperately for vitality and meaning in obscenity; and because the characters, uncreated, do not relate one to the other, Baldwin drives them furiously to the performance of their agonized acts, stridently demanding of them a significance and beauty they cannot give. Never was D. H. Lawrence's injunction more apt, that we trust the tale, and not the teller of the tale.

When we trust the tale, what do we find? Nothing but a tale in which ciphers are moved about for the wholly willed purpose of illustrating a tortured thesis; a group of singularly uninteresting people moving from one odd bed to another with the most astonishing alacrity and versatility. Rhetoric, which is an aspect of moral blindness, results when a writer tries insistently to persuade us of what is simply not so. It is the full measure of Baldwin's confusions that he should insist that Rufus is the very symbol of suffering hu-

SAUL MALOFF is a member of the Literature faculty of Bennington College.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

manity, our kind of saint, when he is—on his creator's own overwhelming evidence—nothing other than a sadist and a swine, a particularly brutal one; that Vivaldo is our version of Whitman and contains multitudes, fusing all races and sexes within himself, when actually he is a bore and an ass. Let these stand as instances of the novel's pervasive confusion.

Nevertheless, Baldwin is an authentic, and in many ways superbly gifted, writer, who has written, in *Go Tell It on the Mountain,* a fine and sensitive work of fiction. That he is a magnificent essayist is everybody's knowledge, as it is our common gift. For the time being, then, we shall have to look to the essays for Baldwin's exemplary moral—and literary, imaginative—achievement.

One Responsible Man

BURNING CONSCIENCE. By Claude Eatherly and Günther Anders. Monthly Review Press. 139 pp. $4.

Christian Bay

CLAUDE EATHERLY, the Hiroshima pilot, is possibly the only man alive who has already experienced World War III as an executioner as well as a victim. Others involved in the first unleashing of nuclear destruction on a city may have reacted subsequently much as did Adolf Eichmann: they were just cogs in a machine, in the service of their fatherland. They had been effectively taught, it appears, not to feel personal responsibility when acting under orders, regardless of the enormity of any acts they were led to commit. And the Chief himself? When asked on his seventy-fifth birthday whether any incident in his life had caused him pain or regret, ex-President Truman replied, according to Günther Anders, that he deeply regretted not having married earlier than he did.

While the parallel should not be extended (there remains a difference between administering a prolonged process of mass killings of defenseless Jews, and ordering a sudden fury of mass slaughter of civilians behind the enemy's lines, by a man suddenly burdened with responsibilities far beyond his size), neither of these two ever understood what he had done. Both were average rather than vicious men, and yet did not blink at mass slaughter in the service of their nations. If the average person can part so completely with his humanity, how can we expect humanity to endure in an environment of nuclear technology?

Not all human beings, fortunately, share that facility. It is good news that Claude Eatherly's correspondence with the Australian philosopher Günther Anders has at last become available to American readers, who on some issues have become fully as sheltered as readers in totalitarian countries. *Burning Conscience,* with a brief preface by Bertrand Russell and a foreword by Robert Jungk, covers the exchange from its inception in June, 1959, through July, 1961, and includes a cryptic postscript of February 26, 1962, in which the reader is told that Eatherly somehow has escaped and that the authorities know where he is but somehow are no longer bothering him. We may hope that he is now at work on his autobiography, and that he soon will be in a position to take an active part in the peace movement, as a free man.

GRANTED, there *was* a psychiatric basis for hospitalizing Eatherly, if one assumes that an insensitive, clean-shaven conscience is the mark of sanity. Here was one returning military man who could not stomach the role of war hero. He tried hard at first to live a normal, quiet life, with his wife and children; but nightmares of Hiroshima kept tormenting him. Then he tried emigration, then drink, then suicide; and finally criminal acts, including a hold-up, though he walked away from the money, while at the same time he kept sending money for the Hiroshima victims. This erratic behavior led to the psychiatric hospital, and also to the contact with Anders, who had read about him in a newsweekly.

"Since the monstrous guilt which weighed and weighs on you was not understood, was not permitted to be understood . . ." wrote Anders in his first letter, "you have tried to prove your guilt by committing acts which at least are recognized as crimes . . . you, con-

CHRISTIAN BAY, a research associate of the Institute for the Study of Human Problems, Stanford University, is the author of The Structure of Freedom *(Stanford University Press).*

The Labyrinth

I

The wonder was how the Maze like the world
Suited its heroes, for skeletons caught
Each in the nick of its favorite sin
Blocked every turn. There were striders among them,
Piously down on their knee-bones; and jaws
Still asmirk, smilers; sliders of note
With vertebrae archly humped and skull cast down.
Theseus pushed on, annoyed and unimpressed,
Except by those bone-shops that lay at ease,
Tired but still sentimental, hands outstretched
To clutch now at what no more clothed the bone.
That was a shock. And it kept him bemused
Till the Maze ceased, and a field presented,
Making soft lowing sounds, the Minotaur.

II

Not Ariadne's clue, nor his own sense
Of his importance to the world outside—
Nothing not of the Maze could help him now.
The Beast was grazing on flowers, its soft mouth
Cropping flowers so tall they hid its sex,
And watching him sidelong. It trotted off,
Stopped, snuffled, turned its female eyes on him;
Its flanks twitched, and the blood went to his head.
Not destiny, not Ariadne's clue,
No saving word, but the discovery
Appalling and sure as he watched the thing
Coquette, its fuming haunch and polished hooves
Sending the blood in spasms through his flesh,
That all he had to do was walk away.

Emile Capouya

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

trary to the others, have remained a human being, or have become one anew." Here at last was a man who spoke about *guilt* rather than the psychiatrists' *guilt complex*; a man who intuitively could share with Eatherly some of his dreadful knowledge of the real nature of a new war; one who could help him articulate his yearning to contribute to the fight for peace. The burning conscience gradually became the vehicle of a great and humane purpose.

THE MORE evident Eatherly's sanity became — and there is ample evidence in these letters — the more scared of him became the mighty U.S. Air Force — and the more determined, by hook and by crook, to keep him hospitalized. If Eatherly's guilt were to become widely understood and his insight widely shared, then how would people judge the Air Force, or indeed the whole military-industrial establishment, with its ever-bigger preparations for new mass killings in the name of God and Country?

That can be understood. What is perhaps most frightening in this correspondence is the evidence of the extent to which psychiatrists, judges, juries and even Eatherly's own brother and sister in one way or another were brought around to the idea that he was insane and had to remain hospitalized. His conventional-minded relatives may well have been unable to grasp his talk about peace and morality, and have taken it as further evidence of insanity; in the case of the doctors one must question, as Russell does in his preface, whether they really believed in the accuracy of their own testimony. Throughout this ordeal, Eatherly kept trusting both his relatives and his doctors, although they let him down at almost every turn. At times one wonders whether somewhere in this virtual conspiracy against him there was a design to *make* him psychotic. To some respectably sick brains, that might well have seemed in the national interest — for otherwise the reluctant war hero might succeed in subverting America's will to fight.

The Air Force will have to live with Eatherly. Both his name and his sanity are now firmly established, and his message can no longer be muted. I hope he will become effective in his endeavor to subvert the will to commit mass murder, in America and in all countries. The Eichmann type of man is a more convenient one from a narrowly military point of view, but the chances are that Eatherly's example will prove more congenial to American as well as Soviet youth. To the extent that his hard-earned knowledge of the real meaning of mass murder can become widely shared, humanity may not have to learn again the hard way.

THEATRE

Robert Hatch

THE New York Shakespeare Festival, having survived extreme financial hazards and petty bureaucratic jealousy, resides today in a permanent amphitheatre that must be one of the most beautiful outside of Greece, and is certainly one of the most efficient for the outdoor performance of drama.

This exemplary Shakespeare repertory, performed free of charge six nights a week (weather permitting) during the summer months withstood its recurring crises in part because its director, Joseph Papp, is an idealist with an excellent sense of politics and the uses of publicity, and in part because the citizens of New York, for once in their lives, recognized that something good was being done for them and raised a powerful howl when it was threatened. Made bold by this success, the people of the city went on to snatch Washington Square away from the traffic engineers and real estate promoters — perhaps they will eventually free themselves of the lethal fumes now pouring into their streets from private cars and public buses.

THE permanent theatre in Central Park, built with a combination of private and public money, is a platform stage from which rises a steep-raked horseshoe of bleachers that seats 2,300 spectators within a reasonable distance of the stage. Loud-speakers are unfortunately necessary for most of the seating area: I doubt that they can ever be avoided in a city with as strong a ground noise as New York (to say nothing of airplanes) and where there is no natural back-wall to confine the sound. The axis of the structure is just south of east; the audience looks through the skeletal set across a lagoon and a wooded hill to the distant lights of Fifth Avenue. On the right, a feudal castle (the old weather observatory) stands on its rocky crag and flies a banner from its turret; from the left, until night falls, can be heard faint shouts of baseball and soccer players spread out on the fields to the north. Seated there, waiting for the flourish of trumpets, one understands the pride of belonging to a great city—this is how the Athenians and the Elizabethans must have felt. It is not the least of Mr. Papp's accomplishments that he has given back to his fellow New Yorkers at least a trace of the civic dignity that one feared was drowned forever in the humiliations of megalopolitan life.

THE 1962 season opened with *The Merchant of Venice,* to be followed (July 16)

Now Available in English

FIDEL CASTRO DENOUNCES BUREAUCRACY AND SECTARIANISM

Text of sensational March 26 speech assailing Communist Party leader Aníbal Escalante and others for converting Cuba's new party into "a yoke, a straitjacket."

35 cents

PIONEER PUBLISHERS
116 University Pl., New York 3, N.Y.

Free to WRITERS

seeking a book publisher

Two illustrated brochures reveal how we can publish, promote and sell your book; tips to writers; facts and figures on how we published over 3000 authors. All types of books wanted. Write Dept. N7

Exposition Press, 386 Park Ave. S., N.Y. 16

CAPITALIST AND SOCIALIST ECONOMIES

a Marxist analysis of modern political economy

by Robert Bruce Driscoll

A basic extension of Marxist economic theory applied to entire U.S. capitalist economy, 1935-1960. Marxism shown to express political-economic reality. Nature and mathematical analysis of credit and inflation in relation to supply and demand. Real ownership of value "sold on credit." **THE PRICE OF VALUE.** Interrelationship of productivity, price and **PRICE OF VALUE.** Economic and political nature of the social state (workers' state, dictatorship of the proletariat). Etc.

Recognized as economic work by **AMERICAN ECONOMIC REVIEW, JOURNAL OF POLITICAL ECONOMY, QUARTERLY JOURNAL OF ECONOMICS,** and others.

101 pp. (8½ x 11) including political footnotes, 6 pp. national economic data, eight figures, table of contents, index. Mimeographed, elite type, 24 lb. white paper, stapled and masked. Postpaid. Soft cover $1. Hard cover $2.

All previous orders received have been filled.

Order by mail from: **AARDVARK PRINTING DEPT., INV. DEV. CO.**
P.O. Box 3842 **Portland 8, Oregon**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by *The Tempest* and (August 13) by *King Lear*. As always happens when *The Merchant of Venice* is produced, there have been protests from official Jewish quarters, made the more uneasy this time because one of the performances was shown on television. I cannot argue with Jews who deplore the play—they have suffered much in the name of Shylock—but the fact is, and Mr. Papp's production makes it perfectly clear, that *The Merchant of Venice* is an anti-Semitic play only to those who are already anti-Semites.

As performed here by George C. Scott, Shylock is a proud, powerful man, deeply committed to his traditions and driven to the point of insanity by the hostility and (worse) contempt of the proper Venetians. He demands the forfeit of Antonio's pound of flesh, and certainly it is a piece of wicked vengeance to act so. But the Christians, making much of their superior charity, demand of Shylock the forfeit of his God (he must turn Christian), and they lack the excuse for their cruelty of years of persecution.

The Merchant of Venice is one of Shakespeare's dark comedies, and its lyricism, its buffoonery, bawdry and high spirits, do not hide the ugliness of its main narrative. It is possible to neutralize the gall by making of Shylock a monster or a clown, but when he is played with straightforward clarity, when as here the whole motivation of the play is lucid, one feels that somehow the Antonio-Portia-Bassanio crowd has gotten away with it again. The fact that Portia lives in the suburbs does nothing to allay this social itch. The play is really about the momentum of the organization, with some of the most darling lovers in all Shakespeare thrown in to make it a treat for a summer's night.

Nan Martin plays Portia with fine spirit and wit, and she is very lovely; her voice sounded a little harsh at times, perhaps she was not trusting the microphones at the start of the run. Lee Richardson is a properly dashing (and feckless) Bassanio, Bette Henritze a most winning Nerissa. James Earl Jones is spectacularly funny as the Prince of Morocco without falling into the trap of caricaturing his own race (he keeps it personal). John Call stops the show as Launcelot Gobbo, but I have seen Mr. Call in several such roles, and I begin to suspect that he has invented an all-purpose Shakespearean clown. Gobbo, after all, is not Fluellen and Fluellen is not Dogberry; but in Central Park they are all becoming John Call.

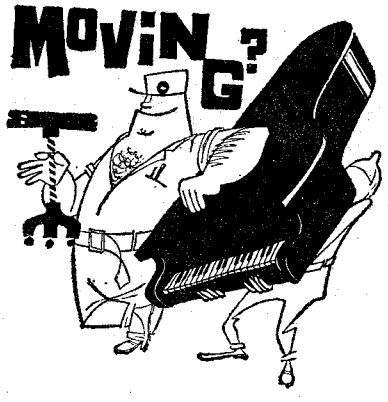
Ming Cho Lee has designed a set of cantilevered grace and strength that is bodied out with light and on occasion with two beautiful screens that fill the central opening; Theoni Aldredge designed vivid and flattering costumes on a budget that must have far exceeded the pin money formerly spent on festival dress.

Mr. Papp, finally, staged *The Merchant of Venice* with the directness, the clarity of speech and movement and (with one or two lapses) the confidence in Shakespeare's stage sense that is the hallmark of the Central Park seasons.

$179,741 to Writers

Your unpublished manuscript may be valuable! Our famous subsidy plan has returned $179,741 to writers in the past six years. We will publish, advertise, distribute your book and pay you 40% of retail price.

Send for **FREE BROCHURE N.**
Pageant Press, 101 Fifth Ave., New York 3



If you are changing your address, please notify *The Nation* directly three weeks ahead of time to assure uninterrupted delivery. When writing, give us both your old and new addresses.

The Nation
333 6th Ave., New York 14, N. Y.

ART

Max Kozloff

IN SUMMER, the galleries close, and the artists flee to Provincetown or East Hampton or the country. However arbitrary the summer may be as a stopping point, a compact horde of exhibitions were attended and are already slipping back into or out of memory.

What kind of year has it been: eventful, static, diffuse, or revolutionary? If I offer some opinions on these questions, I certainly do not present them as comprehensive or impartial. Still less would they be prophetic. Rather, on one hand I would like to reduce some of the gaps inevitable in a biweekly column, and on the other, to indulge in that therapeutic activity for critics, the second thought.

Two aspects of the past year strike me as important. One was the exceptional vitality of sculpture, a medium in which it seems continuously possible to establish new frontiers, whatever the going crises in painting. Second, the shift away from abstraction in painting and assemblage, while hardly initiated during these last nine months, has become especially evident. Too indecisive to be called a reaction, too widespread to be homogeneous, the present concerns with recognizable imagery are in no sense a "return" to naturalism. On the contrary, they are engaged in a kind of sado-masochistic dialogue with the abstract "mode," whose moral heroism they have replaced only with sarcasm, and whose confidence (now deemed insufficient) in the physical reality of paint they have not yet matched by a love of appearances. Beyond these generalizations, however, one is obliged to discuss a flock of subheads.

AMONG the older, really authoritative sculptors shown this year, two (David Smith and Henry Moore) were disappointing, and four (Julio Gonzalez, Giacometti, Calder and Reuben Nakian) were variously outstanding. But the attitudes of the younger men have characteristically avoided the figurative implications of their elders. Infatuation with the novelty of materials appears to have declined in the face of a powerful awareness of what those materials can do — with the age-old problem of form. A complex sculpture of disequilibrium, spatial daring and immediacy of gestural effect (contrasting with laboriousness of procedure) has been created by David Weinrib and Tom Doyle. Both of them also work in colored metal or wood, as does John Chamberlain and George Sugarman, so that involvement with pictorial effects is a definite, incalculable presence in new sculpture. I thought, too, that the shows of Stankiewicz, James Rosati, Sondra Beal and Joe Goto had freshness and intensity. In retrospect, these divergent sculptors appear to have in common an avoidance

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of existential gimmicks (sculpture into Dada object) and a concentration on vividly awkward sensations which emphasize lightness and mobility rather than density and mass.

THE MAIN current of the year, however, has flowed through the trough of a chic surrealism. And the Museum of Modern Art has used this current, with its "Assemblage" show, to irrigate the environment. I recall that affair as momentous, but overcrowded, with the result that the conglomeration of competing personalities resembled a Gargantuan collage. Whether because of the ensuing confusion, or a feeling that everything had already been more or less said, there were remarkably few repercussions to this exhibition. One suspects that the motivations underlying assemblage are equivocal, and that the greater its rhetorical value, the more dubious the artistic premise. As an experience, too, whimsicality or indictment tends to weary on repetition. Furthermore, the emphasis on techniques distracts from the poetic imagination of the artist, so that he becomes one more item in a kind of artistic automobile show, illustrating mechanical features or supporting design clichés (broken glass, doll legs, etc.). Already we are gaining the perspective which either demotes the insolent into the topical, or removes the anti-art disguises from essentially traditional work. In the latter case, one can legitimately ask, why assemblage?

Despite these predicaments, a number of satellite exhibitions this year were droll or handsome or horrifying. I mention the shows of George Ortman, Peter Agostini, Robert Mallary, Bernard Langlais, Arman and Marisol. The last, a young Venezuelan woman, exposed a folksy menagerie of painted, carved wooden caricatured personages, spouting plaster casts and wearing apparel. It was the *cause célèbre* of the spring, simultaneously stylish, accomplished and desperate — for it breathlessly tried to maintain its individuality by the very number and openness of its derivations. There is some originality, perhaps, in blatantly admitting one's lack of it. But this is not a path, I think, which leads anywhere.

TO THE unwitting decadence of some current assemblages has more recently been added the knowing cynicism of the "pop cult" artists, perhaps the most thoroughly "new" phenomenon to emerge in the past year. Here again is an antagonism to abstract forms, but curiously, too, an unprecedented abstractness of *feeling* that sets one's teeth on edge. Despite the unabashedly American origin of their subjects — steals from comic strips, billboards and commercial illustration — these artists totally lack a kind of traditional American romanticism in their vision. Gelid young men like James Rosenquist, Andy Warhol (in his copies of Campbell Soup ads) and Roy Lichtenstein have carried to extremes a coarse simplification of shadow and outline that counterfeits the grossness, not of the amateur, which is a familiar enough sight in a gallery, but of the condescending illustrator, which isn't. They have given us not only an apotheosis of the corny in all its bellowing obstreperousness, but have gone so far as to provide, lovingly, a kind of *explication de texte* of this whole subliterate world. Their mistakes have been to think that in embracing *Kitsch* they are affirming art, and that the least transformation of a motif implies the greatest daring. (Rather, it signifies the end of liberty.) A painting by Lichtenstein is at once ingenuous and vicious, repulsive and modish — the latest sensation.

Still, there are other alternatives within the genre, as proved by Claes Oldenberg and Jean Tinguely, whose penchant for socio-political theatrics and projection of the creative act into a public performance ("happening") I don't much like. Much more ambiguous were Jim Dine and Peter Saul, the only ones among the group who seem to be aware that the ironic mode requires irony. They are more witty and more painterly (which keeps them from being smart alecky) than their fellows, but their lively sense of the absurd cannot fail to limit their efforts, even as it lends them intelligence.

Finally, there appeared a West Coast painter, Wayne Thiebaud, removed from all this perverse "show biz," even if his bakery and grocery goods subject matter superficially allies him with the pop cultists. The short time that has passed since his show reveals him at his best as a "straight" painter whose wonderful hedonism mocks his iconography, rather than the other way around, as with Dine and Saul.

ALMOST as an addendum to the disquiet with abstraction, the Museum of Modern Art's end-of-the-season figure show earned a unanimous disapprobation which was, for once, justified. There had been defensible complaints about the exclusion of one group of artists or another, but I doubt whether any of them would have salvaged a display, the primary fault of which was the absence of either passion or innocence. Depriving themselves of metaphysical overtones, different figure painters fell into an obnoxious sentimentality, or worse, into Philistine positions about representation which were outmoded before Impressionism. Overrated artists such as Larry Rivers or Alex Katz, on the other hand, tried to preserve a certain modernity by keeping their fingers in the pies of abstraction, pop cult and the figurative at the same time, yet only succeeded in spreading themselves too thin. For the most part, however,

The Red Piano

A red piano
he says
a red piano.
I never saw one.
I knew a man who had a red typewriter,
he hardly ever used it.
A red piano.
Would it seem lighter to carry upstairs
than a black one?
A red piano, a red piano.
Let us think more musical thoughts.

Anselm Hollo

Authors!

Your book can be published, promoted, distrib by successful, reliable company. Fiction, non-fi poetry, scholarly, religious and even contro manuscripts welcomed. Free Editorial Report Free Booklet write Vantage Press, Dept. 10 W. 31 St., New York 1.

The Best Way To Get THE NATION

THE NATION
333 Sixth Ave., New York 14

☐ One Year, $8
☐ Two Year $14
☐ Three Years, $20
☐ 6 Months $4

☐ Bill Me ☐ Payment Enclosed

(Foreign and Canadian Postage $1 a year extra)

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... ZONE ..... STATE .....

7-14-62

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VACATIONS

YOUR VACATION IS DUE! Relax on 100 beautiful acres. Lake on the premises. Wholesome food. Perfect for families. Animals for the children. Meet 30 other nice people. Adults $40, Children $25 per week. **Y. Schwartz, Spring Mt. House, Jeffersonville, N.Y. Phone: Jeffersonville 290.**

MERRIEWOODE
HIGHLAND LAKE, STODDARD, N. H.
Suggests that if you must have intelligent companionship, great beauty of environment, good food and plentiful, and things to do, **MERRIEWOODE** has them all to give.
We pledge all our facilities which include just about everything, to the success of your most important holiday. Non-sectarian. **OLIVE 'Hattie' BARON, Director**
Marlow-Hilltop 6-3349

WINDY HILL ON ORANGE LAKE
A pleasantly informal vacation in friendly atmosphere. Swimming, Boating, Fishing on Natural Lake. Badminton, Volley Ball, Ping-pong, other sports. Records, books. Summer Theatre, Golf nearby. Food of excellent quality in generous quantity. **$55.00 Weekly; $8.00 Daily; Weekend: Fri. Supper thru Sun. Dinner $16.**
Tel. Newburgh 562-1232
Jane C. Arenz, R.D. Box 160, Walden, N.Y.

ONLY 50 MILES FROM N.Y.C.
Beautiful 8 mile lake. Golf at a magnificent Country Club. Dancing, Entertainment. Superb Cuisine. Fireproof Bldg. Elevator. Special "single" weekends. Group facilities. In New York City call at local rate.
FAirbanks 5-7227
MAhopac 8-3449
FOREST house
LAKE MAHOPAC, N. Y.

FARMS AND ACREAGE

BERKSHIRES: Two lots on Laurel Lake near Tanglewood; electric; phone; year-around city water; splendid view; home site prepared. $2,250. Terms. **Owner-Broker, P.O. Box 1673, Lenox, Mass.**

SERVICES

MOVING? Professional moving at competitive rates. Anytime, anywhere. Licensed, insured, experienced. **THE COVERED WAGON. ALgonquin 5-1788 (N.Y.C.).**

WE MOVE YOU WITHOUT TEARS — Economical, insured moving and storage. Vans—wagons—NYC, resorts, long distance. **The Padded Wagon, Inc., AL 5-8343 (NYC), 569 Hudson Street, New York 14.**

FRANK SANTORO—Cabinetmaker—Carpenter—Custom Painting. **AL 5-8343, Padded Wagon (NYC).**

SITUATION WANTED

RECENT GRADUATE seeks position with trade union or non-profit organization. History degree, 4 year journalism experience. **Box 528, c/o The Nation.**

PERSONALS

INDEPENDENT THINKERS — investigate **HUMANISM**, the nonsupernatural personal philosophy. Free literature. **American Humanist Association, Dept. N2, Yellow Springs, Ohio.**

"UTOPIAN COLONY" NOW FORMING IN NEW YORK CITY. Several unrelated adults have decided to share all their money with each other and to try to feel an unlimited responsibility for each other's welfare and to invite you to join us! **Studio 2207, 150 Nassau, N.Y. 38, N.Y.**

EDUCATIONAL

LEARN WHILE ASLEEP, self-hypnosis, prayer-plant experiments! Details, catalog **FREE. Research Association, Box 24-TN, Olympia, Washington.**

the "figure" artists floundered in the dangerous backwash of Abstract Expressionism, producing merely trivial results. The only exceptions were artists so sealed off from current trends by their admirable obsessiveness and fantasy that they could not fail to be individual, or at the very least, antic. Their names are James McGarrell, Richard Lindner and Balthus (who showed earlier).

THE foregoing remarks would be misleading if they implied that there was either a surcease of energy or a demoralization of spirit among Abstractionists. On the contrary, the year was crowded with their shows. Chief among them was the Guggenheim's "Abstract Expressionists and Imagists," a gigantic yet hastily put together survey of the old and the new. It left no doubt that the former (so called "action painting") is in serious trouble, even though I find it difficult to explain precisely why Kline, Hofmann and de Kooning — viewed also in their own muscular shows — should have failed to stimulate. (Perhaps because any form can outlive its original meaning, especially after ten years in New York.) Even the Guston retrospective, which was the most exciting and distinguished showing of an American this year, demonstrated a falling off in its latest reaches.

As the second half of its title suggested, however, the Guggenheim exhibition isolated another kind of abstract painting, notable for its drastic simplifications of mass, color (itself becoming a new absolute) and compositional forces. Barnett Newman would here be a mentor, to be seconded by Raymond Parker, Paul Jenkins, Morris Louis and Louis Noland. Their conventions range from huge washy spills to concentric, targetlike circles, all of which are juxtaposed against bare canvas. But for all their delicacy, and occasional attractiveness, they are as restricted when compared with their enormous predecessor, Rothko, as is a latter-day Abstract Expressionist, such as Nicholas Carone, when placed next to an early de Kooning.

Relating to, and yet overarching, their efforts was conceivably the highest quality exhibition of the year, the Matisse cut outs (from the 1950s) at the Museum of Modern Art. Here were revealed both the dream and, by implication, the deficiencies of the "Abstract Imagists." All in all, then, abstract artists suffered from the same difficulty (though I think much less consciously) as did their far-flung competitors — namely, the problem of proceeding forward while still very much under the shadow of illustrious accomplishment at mid-century.

IT WAS thus a year in which no major step was taken, a year of fragmentation, mannerism and, if you will, artistic hiatus. But, in turn, one witnessed a most complicated, albeit destructive, flailing about, which was not without its capacity to move the commentator. Struggling against the effects of an oversaturation which made it difficult for him to spot anything noteworthy, he still had to be thankful for what he saw. One's greatest challenge was to recognize merit, even when it came incriminated by fashion.

As for the problems of the artist, they remain the same: to avoid distractions, and to imagine and act freely. From this obligation, the creator ought to have no escape.

LITERARY SERVICES

WRITERS SEND YOUR books, articles, stories, plays for free evaluation, screening and sale. Write today! **Literary Agent Mead, 915 Broadway, N. Y. C. 10.**

ADULT EDUCATION

STUDY AT HOME with the UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO. For full information, write to: Box N-2, The Home-Study Dept., The University of Chicago, Chicago 37, Ill. No obligation, of course.

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS

Complete Personality Analysis from Your Handwriting
Fee $5.00
ALFRED KANFER
62 Leroy St., New York 14, N. Y.
Endorsed by scientific authorities, hospitals, insurance companies, college psych. journals.
Recipient of research grants

MERCHANDISE FOR SALE

Cost too much? Can't afford it? **ALL WRONG!** Now is the time to get that Air Conditioner for as low as $155.00. All makes including Carrier, Fedders. Free survey to insure proper unit. **STANDARD BRAND DIST., 27 Union Square W. (cor. 16th St.), 3rd floor, N.Y. GR 3-7819—CH 2-0061.**

Buy Your Books
through *The Nation*

Nation readers can avail themselves of our offer to send them any book (except paperbacks) at the regular retail price post-free if payment is received with the order, or at the retail price plus postage if the book is sent C.O.D. No C.O.D.'s outside the United States. When ordering, please give name and author and publisher, if possible.

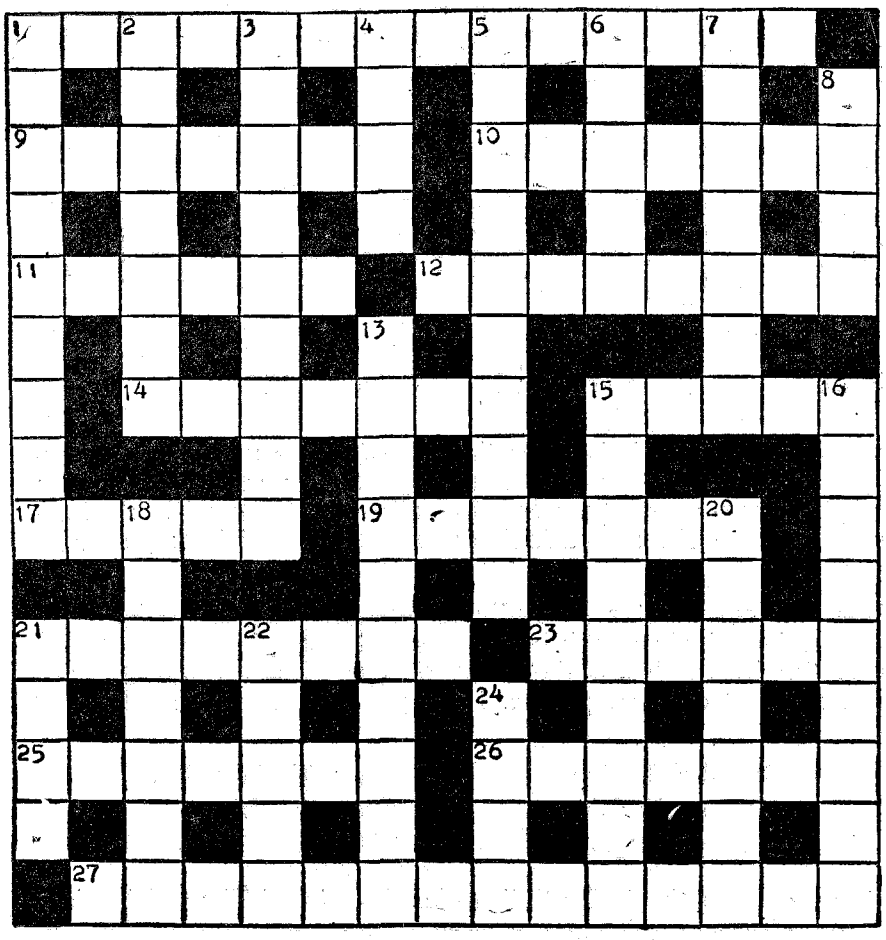
Please address your orders to

THE READER'S SERVICE DIVISION
333 Sixth Ave. New York 14, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Crossword Puzzle No. 970

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Apples and dates for the too-young? (9, 5)
9 High spots of two-and-a-half deck bridge positions? (7)
10 One who is, has more than enough to leave, and declares it. (7)
11 Badly constructed English cathedral (about six-fifty). (6)
12 The new type has been officially recommended, one being not fully developed. (8)
14 and 15 Principle protector? (5, 2, 5)
17 A 12 town to avoid! (5)
19 Wrong in sex adjustment? (Made from extracts illegally!) (7)
21 One might have got off on the wrong foot if one does 16 without a large number. (8)
23 and 25 See 22 down.
26 Evidently his hand isn't long. (7)
27 These might be habit-forming. (5,9)

DOWN:

1 Stupid direction of Jack Spratt's wife? (9)
2 and 8 Not part of the body—just track shorts and shoes! (7, 4)
3 Impress by reiteration. (9)
4 See 22 down
5 Shown by detailed statements of professional court entertainers? (3, 7)
6 Concerning wrong-doing in some plants? (5)
7 Foreign aspect of a nail, it seems. (7)
8 See 2 down
13 Gave notice of what might have been changed to drive dates crazy? (10)
15 Giving a good hiding to someone who has done wrong? (9)
16 These birds would be quite confused by the traffic laws! (9)
18 The warder in the "Ballad of Reading Gaol." (7)
20 The butt of rumor? (7)
21 Mechanical course indited, by the sound of it. (4)
22, 25 across, 4 down and 23 across Has a certain amount of ground-to-ground association. (5, 2, 5, 4, 2, 4)
24 Not exactly the equivalent of "Holy cow!" (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 969

ACROSS: 1 Portable radio; 10 On tap; 11 Orangeman; 12 Panhandle; 13 Tenet; 19 Obstreperous; 22 Durum; 24 High dives; 25 Nightfall; 26 Iowan; 27 Class struggle. DOWN: 2 Octane; 3 Tapdancer; 4 Broad jump; 5 Evade; 6 Argot; 7 Imminent; 8 Loops; 9 Another; 15 Irregular; 16 Trundling; 17 and 14 Nodding acquaintance; 18 Astragal; 20 Avowal; 21 Using; 23 Mites; 24 Heaps.

PUBLICATIONS

Günther Anders—

"Theses for the Atomic Age"

in

The MASSACHUSETTS REVIEW

Also: W. H. Auden "The Poet and the City," Daniel Aaron "Edmund Wilson's War," Sidney Monas "From Between the Floorboards: the Voice of Abram Tertz," fiction, memoirs, poetry, reviews and drawings by Hyman Bloom.

$1.25 a copy • $5.00 a year

At bookstores. For subscriptions:

Memorial Hall, University of Massachusetts, Amherst, Mass.

LITTLE BLUE BOOKS—15c each. 2,000 titles. Free catalogue. LARSON'S BOOKS, Box 215-N, Cannon Falls, Minn.

L'EXPRESS

the leading liberal paper in France today. Send 10c for your copy. HOWARD PUBLICATIONS, 1475 Broadway, New York 36.

For World and National Coverage—

POLITICAL AFFAIRS

July

NEGRO NATIONALISM AND THE MUSLIM MOVEMENT
Claude Lightfoot

SOUTHEAST ASIA AND THE UNITED STATES
Herbert Aptheker

WEST GERMANY, **Frederick Ford**

FRANCE, **Phyl Griffith-Hentges**

JAPAN, **Y. Hoshimo**

And other Articles, Letters, Book Reviews

50c a copy • Subscription $5

NEW ERA BOOKS
832 Broadway New York 3, N.Y.

Advertising Rates

CLASSIFIED

74c a line (6 words)
Three-line minimum

CLASSIFIED DISPLAY

$7.42 per inch (minimum)

The NATION

333 Sixth Ave., New York 14, N. Y.
CHelsea 2-8400

Printed in the U. S. A. by RCR Publication Printers Corp., N. Y. C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE AMERICAN LIBERAL

incorporated with THE CALIFORNIAN

presents

AMERICAN NATIONALISM

The Road to World War III

An analysis of conservatism and the "radical right" in the United States under the following categories: racial and religious prejudice; links with fascism, Nazism; anti-communism; patriotism; police state methods and violence; reverence for the military; tie-up with big business; anti-labor aspects; dictatorship and the elite; isolationism; religious fanaticism; power in the U.S. — etc.

This is not a long-winded piece of theory, but a carefully documented article loaded with facts, names and quotations. It is so exhaustively researched that it will extend through several issues. The JULY issue begins the series with a broad definition of American Nationalism and and material dealing with its first and most obvious phases. In it you will find the following names, among others:

John Birch Society — **Spruille Braden** — **Boeing Airplane Co.**
Christian Crusade — **Robert Welch** — **Dr. Kenneth Wells**
Freedoms Foundation — **Billy Hargis** — **Goldwater's Dept. Store**

THE AMERICAN LIBERAL is an outgrowth of The California Liberal and The Californian. Begun on the West Coast as a liberal voice that revived the classical school of muckraking in American journalism, it has grown from primarily a regional publication to a national magazine. Now in its third year, still uncontrolled by party or organization, and not dependent upon advertisements for its revenue, the magazine is bigger and more influential than ever before. The JULY issue also features:

STEEL AND THE STOCK MARKET
DISSECTING THE PRESS
THE SOUTH CONTROLS THE CONGRESS

As an introductory offer, we will send you **free** with each one-year subscription order two back issues of The Californian featuring **PROPERTY VALUES AND RACE**—refuting the theory that the price of a home goes down when a Negro family moves into an all-white neighborhood —and **INSIDE THE SENATE COMMITTEE ON UN-AMERICAN ACTIVITIES;** plus the first issue of the new magazine, **THE AMERICAN LIBERAL.**

Introductory Offer

To: THE AMERICAN LIBERAL Dept. N-8 1005 Market Street, San Francisco 3, California

I enclose my check (or money order) in the amount of $5 for a one-year subscription. I will receive **FREE,** included in the subscription price, the two back issues of The Californian and the first issue of The American Liberal (a total of 15 monthly issues for the price of a one-year subscription). If, after receiving these three issues, I am dissatisfied with the magazine, I may have the **fullprice** of my subscription ($5) returned to me—no conditions, (meaning I do not have to return the free copies), and no questions asked.

NAME ..... ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... ZONE ..... STATE .....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED